

Bay 12 Games Forum

Dwarf Fortress => DF Community Games & Stories => Topic started by: Cirius on August 30, 2009, 06:22:55 am

Title: **The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **August 30, 2009, 06:22:55 am**

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Spiritwood.

After Moist Vetek, a somewhat mediocre weather god appears to Kubluk Taniden in a dream, the unlucky dwarf is thrust into an epic adventure featuring elves, demons, goblins, zombies and scattered showers.

With nothing but their wits and the somewhat suicidal dwarves of the Courageous Bolt to help them, the travellers must fight their way across the lands of the mountain home to build for their very survival.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **August 30, 2009, 12:40:34 pm**

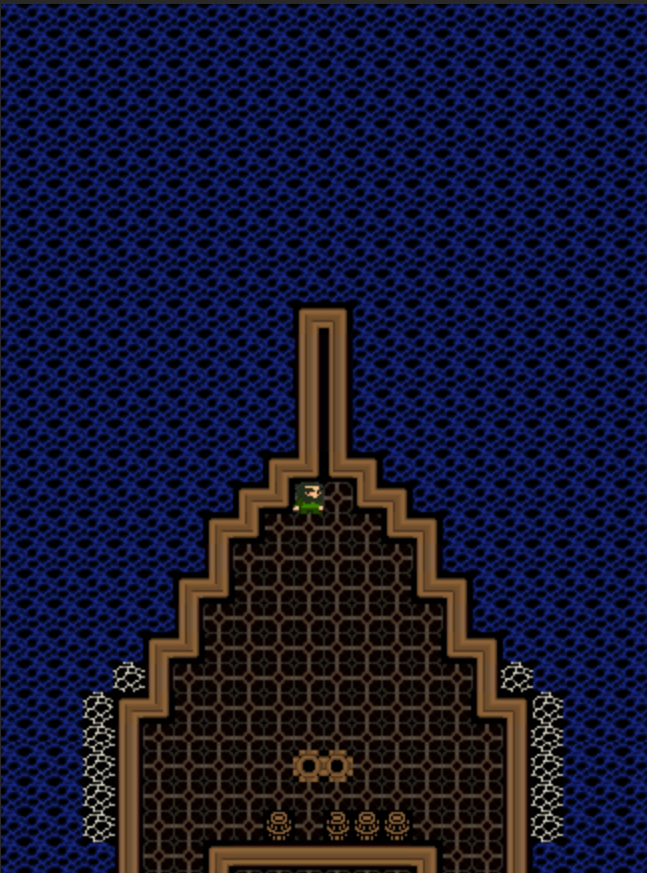
I'm liking this so far. ;D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **ousire** on **August 30, 2009, 11:23:28 pm**

this should be interesting

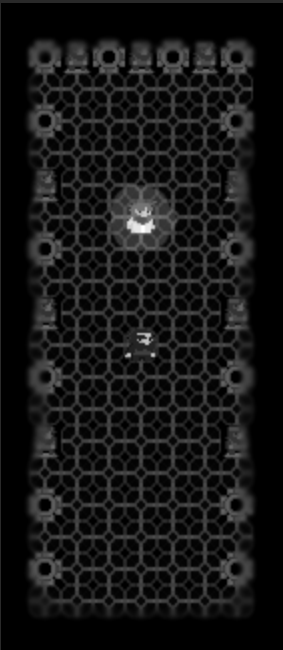
Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **August 31, 2009, 06:54:59 am**

The past four months have been a blur. It is only now, after three days at sea, with the wind in my beard and salt-air in my lungs that I am finally able to come to terms with what has happened. The Mountain Home is gone; our histories swept aside in a deluge of epic proportions. Our once mighty civilization annihilated in one monumental stroke by the gods.



The ocean stretches onwards to infinity in all directions. Yet we plow onwards, without destination, and only one aim, to survive. My name is Kubuk Taniden, or at least was. I am now the Captain. This log will serve as the last record of the end of the world.

My tale started with a dream.



Kubluk opened his eyes to a dazzling white light. The room was unfamiliar to him, but his jaw dropped in astonishment. Detailed gleaming white stone walls surrounded him, towering majestically up into the darkness. Mighty pillars rose from the smooth marble floor towards a distant ceiling, and impressive statues lined either side of the mighty hallway. His eyes widened as he took in the beauty of the craftsmanship around him. Tearing himself away from the glory of it all, he looked forward, and saw a dwarf watching him.

“Is this a dream, or am I really here?” Kubluk asked.
The dwarf blinked, and smiled slightly in response. “I suppose the answer would be a yes. You are indeed dreaming, and you are indeed

here. Welcome to the Nomoddom, the chamber of the gods.”

Kubluk collapsed to his knees in shock. “I humble myself before thee, oh mighty...mighty...” He paused, and looked up expectantly. “Sorry, which one are you?”

The glowing dwarf smiled another faint smile. “I am Moist Vetek the damp. First mentioned in the myths of Flags and Rain. Generally associated with heavy rainfall and strong westerly breezes.”

Kubluk looked down, and noticed a small pool of water forming around the god, as drips fell from the bottom of his robe.

“Oh mighty Vetek the damp.”

“Call me Moist.”

“Oh mighty Moist...”

“Just Moist is fine, this is somewhat informal.”

“Oh...Moist, for what unfathomable purpose have you brought me here?”

“Well. Now...” Moist looked a bit sheepish, and avoided looking directly at Kubluk. “It’s like this. There might have been a slight accident up here.”

“An accident? I’m not sure I quite understand.”

“Weather-godding is not that straight forward you know. There’s about ten of us weather gods, and trying to get us all in the same room once a week is difficult enough.”

Kubluk nodded, having absolutely no idea what the god was talking about.

“Well, Nokgul was out for the evening, and Orshal and I aren’t even talking at the moment anyway, and I said it would be all fine and dandy, and I could deal with things for a week or so...”

Kubluk found his mind slowly wandering.

“...and that’s even AFTER I apologised for the lightning...”

The pillars were really very nice, Kubluk noted.

“...and I told her to save me a chair in Olympus...”

Marble floors as well, Kubluk started tallying up the construction time for such a glorious chamber in his head. Finally, he looked up. The god looked like he was coming to a close.

“...and anyway, if the end of the world isn’t worth a vision or two, I don’t know what is?”

Kubluk looked up. “I’m sorry, the end of the world?”

Moist frowned slightly. “Yes, the end of all things. Were you even listening?”

Kubluk nodded furiously. “Of course, I was just a bit preoccupied. It’s a lovely hall. Can you give me the gist of it?”

“The gist?”

“Yes.”

“Of the end of the world?”

“Yes.”

...

“Fair enough. Ok. Through a couple of bad design decisions, and a few out-sourced labour jobs, the weather gods have got a bit of a back-log of rain to get through before the end of this work-period.”

Kubluk nodded. “How much rain?”

“About enough to cover the entire surface of this little world. And we’ve got about a four month period to get through it all.”

Kubluk frowned. “Can’t you just, I don’t know, keep it up there?”

Moist shook his head. “It’s not that simple. If we start storing rain, then the whole system just goes pear-shaped. It’ll be like Mars all over again. No, it’s no good, it’ll have to come down.”

Kubluk paused. “So we’re all going to drown in four months of rain?”

The god paused, and took a deep breath. “Well. We’ve got two options. Either we drop it all over the space of four months, everybody has a miserable time of it all, and drowns anyway...”

“Yes? Or?”

“We carry on as normal for three and a half months, and dump it all in the last two weeks.”

Kubluk looked perplexed. “What’s the difference?”

“What could a suitably motivated dwarf do in three and a half months to survive a flood?”

“What do you mean, suitably motivated?”

“I mean, if you don’t do what I say, you are all going to die.”

“Ah.”

Moist reached out his hand, and briefly appeared to concentrate. A gold amulet formed itself from the darkness around him, and dropped into his palm. He handed it to Kubluk. It was a small intricately designed model of a ship.

“Consider that a vague suggestion. I’ll leave the specifics to you. You have three and a half months, starting from the time you wake up.”

Kubluk sat bolt upright in bed, sweat scattering from his brow. He looked around, relieved to be back in his room, deep within the Mountain-Home.

“Just a dream Kubluk, just a dream,” he reassured himself. He rolled out of bed, and slipped on his sandals. Standing up, he heard a clink, and looked down. At his feet lay a small golden object. His hands shaking in trepidation, he scooped it up, and sighed as he recognised the golden ship, given to him by Moist.

“Bugger.”

Kubluk’s feet pounded on the stone floor as he sprinted down the corridor, his fist clenched tightly around the golden amulet. His mind was racing furiously with what the god had told him. Could it be true? Was the world about to end. How could he doubt the truth, when he held the evidence there in his hand. In fact, he was so distracted it was hardly surprising when he rounded a corner and ran headlong into Dirulal the carpenter. With a clatter, the two of them fell to the floor, scattering the pile of lumber Dirulal was carrying.

“Great adamantine extracts Kubluk! What’s got you in such a panic?” the dwarf asked, brushing himself off and helping Kubluk to his feet. Kubluk could barely breathe, his lungs struggling to catch up with him. He wheezed. “A flood... A flood is coming!”

The carpenter’s eyes stared Kubluk in the face. “Calm down Kubluk...”

The dwarf spluttered, “Calm down! We have less than four months! We have to hurry, we need to build...” he coughed.

“Build?”

Kubluk reached out, and handed the amulet to Dirulal. “A ship... A ship to carry us all.”

And with that, he passed out, slumping into unconsciousness.

“Ah, you’re awake,” Dirulal chuckled. Leaning forward, he poured a flagon of beer into Kubluk’s mouth, who gulped it down greedily. The prone dwarf looked around, realising he had been brought to Dirulal’s workshop. Various tools of a carpenter hung on the wall, and piles of lumber lay stacked in the corner. A glimmer caught his eye from the other side of the room. He looked, and saw the amulet lying upon the table, glinting in the torchlight.

Dirulal moved towards it, and lifted it in his hand. “The crafts dwarfship of this item is beyond compare, I cannot even calculate the value. Where did you get it?” he asked.

“A dream.”

“Care to dream me up a new axe?” Dirulal joked, and tapped the golden ship with a finger. “You mentioned a flood?”

Kubluk sat upright with a bolt. “The flood!” He grabbed Dirulal by the beard and pulled him close. “A flood is coming. The gods have sent a warning. We must let the Elders know! We are all going to die!”

To his surprise Dirulal nodded. “Yes, I know.”

Kubluk peered at him in confusion. “You already know?”

“Yes,” the carpenter replied. “The mighty Moist has had a busy night. He was a little concerned you weren’t paying that much attention during your vision, so he took it upon Himself to appear to half the Mountain Home and reiterate. I was just on my way to find you when you managed to knock me for six out there in the corridor.”

“Then it’s all true. The flood is really coming.” Kubluk slumped back onto the floor. “What are we going to do now?”

Dirulal grinned. "We start planning I suppose. If you're building a ship, then you're going to need yourself a fine carpenter, and I just so happen to have a little free time at the moment. But first, the Elders have requested your presence in the council chambers, and asked me to go and fetch you."

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **August 31, 2009, 07:08:22 am**

Authors Note:

I had originally planned to fabricate the ship outside of Dwarf Fortress, using a tile-based game maker, which is how I acquired the two opening pictures.

However, it being a quiet weekend, I decided to dive into DF and see if I couldn't just slap the whole damn thing together.

What began as a simple mega-project quickly descended into The Build From Hell.

Attempt Number 1:
Having laid out the deck plan for the mighty vessel, and quarried out the simply massive hole that would act as the dry dock, Kubluk manages to channel out the only piece of rock holding him up, falls four floors into the hole and breaks both his arms. Unable to dig his way out, I realise the guy was also carrying the only available pick. Abandon.

Attempt Number 2:
Kubluk II goes insane through lack of alcohol, and positions himself at the narrow entrance to the dry-dock, armed with a hammer. After slaughtering three of the other workers, he is adopted by a small dog, which promptly dies.

This does little to improve Kubluk II's mood, who then manages to hurl himself into the river and is swept off screen. Abandon.

Attempt Number 3:
A mighty reclaim attempt is somewhat scuppered when no-one remembers to bring any picks. Kubluk III is sacrificed to the Mighty Crocodile as a lesson. Abandon.

Attempt Number 4:
Two more workers plummet to their doom working on the bow of the ship. Neither of them have the common decency to die on impact, so they are dealt with by opening the pumps and flooding the base of the drydock with water. Kubluk IV was actually having lunch at the time, so has a narrow escape.

I then realise both picks are lost at the bottom of the dock.

Kubluk IV is fed to the Mighty Crocodile.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Servu** on **August 31, 2009, 10:13:52 am**

This sounds great so far.

If this is a community fort, may I request a dwarf?
Servu the mechanic (pref. male)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **August 31, 2009, 03:13:18 pm**

Why the hell not, the more the merrier. Though I do warn you, the mortality rate has so far been quite shocking. There's plenty of room on board for anyone else who feels like jumping on the bandwagon.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **IHateOutside** on **August 31, 2009, 03:17:03 pm**

I'm in. If you want, you can change my name a bit to make it more dorfy.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **August 31, 2009, 05:25:35 pm**

Me as well. Legon the crossbowdwarf (when possible) shall be my name and game (erm, profession).

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Teach** on **September 01, 2009, 02:51:16 am**

Excellent!
I would also like to request a dwarf.
Teach the swordsdwarf. Crazy pirate type. Aargh!
+5 bonus points for every limb he is lacking
+10 for eyes
(Preferably leave him one arm for his sword but if he must bite people so be it).

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 01, 2009, 03:23:10 am**

I can just see the python references already. "Come back coward, I'll bite your legs off!"

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 01, 2009, 03:24:29 am**

Kubluk Taniden has been unconscious lately. He has admired a fine carpenter's workshop recently. He talked with a friend recently. He has complained about the end of the world recently.

He is a rather reluctant believer in Moist Vetek.

Kubluk Taniden likes the dry. When possible, he prefers to consume Dwarven Rum and Sweet Pod seeds. He absolutely detests the end of the world.

He often feels discouraged. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors, but grumbles constantly about the end of the world.

He has been summoned to see the council recently.

“Kubluk, do you know why we have summoned you here?” the chairman asked, peering over his glasses at Kubluk, who stood rather sheepishly in the centre of the council chamber. The dwarf mumbled something in response.

“I’m sorry Kubluk, I did not hear you.”

“The end of the world, mi’lordship.” Kubluk repeated, holding his crumpled cap in his hands.

The three council members surveyed him cautiously. The chairman looked down at his notes, as if checking his response. “Ah yes, the great flood as prophesised by the Holy Moist Vetek, a somewhat second grade weather god.” He paused, flexing his fingers. “And what, pray, do you wish to say about it?”

“Need to build a ship m’lordship.”

Dirulal stepped forward and coughed. “If it pleases the council, might I speak on his behalf?”

To Dirulal’s surprise, Kubluk waved away his offer of assistance, and stood upright. He coughed. “I am sorry, the whole thing has knocked me for six. I am fine to speak for myself. Moist has given me the task of saving dwarfkind, by building a ship sturdy enough to survive the oncoming deluge.” He drew his axe, a rather small item, more for appearances than actual use, and rested it on the ground. “He chose me, of all the dwarves in the mountainhome, and by my father’s memory, I will build this ship.”

The chairman rocked forward on his chair, and smiled faintly. “And what, pray, do you know of ship building?”

“Absolutely nothing, my lord.”

Rather conveniently, Moist had done Kubluk an enormous favour. There was no doubt whatsoever in the dwarves as to the truth of his story. Over half the population of the mountain home had seen a vision of the weather god the previous night so there was no question of belief. It was therefore within a matter of hours that the council reconvened in the war-room around a circular table upon which a map of the continent lay. Present were Kubluk, Dirulal, the three council leaders, the chairman, and a couple of bespectacled dwarves that Kubluk could only assume were experts in some field or other.

An argument had broken out.

“We can’t possibly build it there,” one expert shouted, thrusting a finger at the map. “It would take at least two months to get anybody there, let alone start work on the infrastructure required!”

Another interjected, “Well Glein, I can’t see you coming out with any better ideas. Where do you suggest we get all the wood in that desert of yours?!”
The debate had been raging for almost an hour. Every proposed site for the ship was being immediately rejected by one or all of the experts. Kubluk was close to a breakdown. He slammed his fist on the table.

“Then if we can’t build it there, then where can we build it?!” he exclaimed.

“Might aye address the council?” A voice spoke from the doorway. As one the group turned to see a stocky dwarf enter the room.

“Servu,” the chairman nodded in recognition, “of course your presence at the table is welcome.”

Servu ‘Montgomery’ Muttleshnuck entered the room. The dwarf was short even by dwarf standards, and had a sharp pencil tucked eternally behind his ear. He strolled up to the table, his kilt swishing loudly in the silence.

“It seems to me,” he began, “that ye cannee just build a massive great ship out in the middle of nowhere. Thar’s the question of materials fer a start. Some’n that big will need one great big pile o’ wood.”

The chairman nodded, and pointed at the map. “Forests aren’t that hard to come by, but it’s the quality of wood that’s the issue, we need hard timber. Added to that, we need ground soft enough to quarry out at high speed.”

“Not just soft ground laddie,” Servu interrupted, “ye need a firm stone base beneath to rest the shennanigans on, no more than three, four lev’ls down.”

Dirulal interjected. “We know all that Servu, but there’s nowhere feasible within two hundred miles of here. Where the trees are big enough, the ground is too unstable, and where the ground is stable enough, there’s not enough wood.”

“Well then,” the dwarf continued. “When ye eliminate the feasible, yer left with the rest.” He stepped forward, and pointed dramatically at the map with his pencil. Beneath its lead lay a shaded area of forest. The council leaned forward, and read the name. Silence descended.

“The Spiritwood.”

The sacred elven grounds, home to their holiest of trees, destination for countless elven pilgrimages on a yearly basis. And Servu was proposing to strip it bare of trees within three months, quarry an almighty hole from its sacred ground, and do it all under the nose of one of the strongest military powers on the continent.

“Aye, ye all know I’m right.”

The council looked at each other in silence for a few moments, until finally a consensus was met. The chairman stroked his beard.

“By the mountainhome, the Elves are going to be pissed.”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **martinuazz** on **September 01, 2009, 06:32:58 am**

Oh this story is going to kick elf!
Im loving it already

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 01, 2009, 07:30:13 am**

... Tacken the butcher please? male. preferably with a hate of kittens. hehe.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Labs** on **September 01, 2009, 08:29:17 am**

If there are any left, Give me Labs the Carpenter/Woodcutter.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **ousire** on **September 01, 2009, 12:53:37 pm**

sign me up for this story! looks to be shaping up quite well! ;D

do you plan on using seige weapons? if so, make me the seige engineer. if not, i'll take a mechanic. both seem like highly needed and dwarfy jobs for a sea ship!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Servu** on **September 01, 2009, 02:02:24 pm**

Wow, the premise here is awesome.

Quote from: Cirius on August 31, 2009, 03:13:18 pm
Though I do warn you, the mortality rate has so far been quite shocking.

Losing is Fun.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **September 01, 2009, 03:51:05 pm**

Aw, yeah! Tearin' up the elven homes! Glad I went with a crossbowdwarf, then.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 02, 2009, 05:05:13 am**

The wooden target shattered as a pair of bolts slammed almost simultaneously into its centre. Legon raised his double crossbow and looked to the dwarf stood next to him. “You owe me a drink old fellow.”

Silently, his companion reached out for the crossbow, and weighed it in his hand. “I’ll give you that, it’s a fine weapon. But it’s no match for a blade.”

Legon chuckled. “You think so? I can kill two for every swing of your blade, and at thirty paces. Your blade is certainly a hardy weapon, but useless for range.”

He watched, as with a smooth grip the other dwarf slid the blade from his back, and balanced it deftly on his hand. He tossed the weapon upwards, and with a faint whistle it span in the air. As it came down, he leapt vertically, grabbing the tumbling sword adeptly by its hilt, and hurled it bodily down the range. It span awkwardly in mid air, and rolled onto its side. Less than a second later, it swept into two targets simultaneously, exploding fragments of wood into the cave wall.

Legon looked down the range at the distant sword and shattered targets. He nodded at the old dwarf beside him.

“Impressive trick Teach, but now you’ve lost your sword.”
The dwarf shook his head. “Nah, you see, whilst everyone else is watching that sword, I nick another one off a goblin.”

Above their head, a speaking tube whistled faintly. “Soldiers of the Courageous Bolt, please report to the mustering fields in two turns.”

“A call to action?” Legon queried, raising an eyebrow.
Teach stroked his beard. “Perhaps. It has been rather quiet of late.” He reached out, his hands grasping blindly in front of him. “Now where’s my cane?”

Legon handed the sightless dwarf his guiding stick, and offered him an arm. Teach brushed it off angrily, and tottered in the direction of the door. “I need your help like I need my eyes back,” he admonished him.

“Ileme!” the Elven king shouted, sitting bolt upright in his bed, sweat beading on his brow. “Ileme!”

The door burst open, and a well dressed elf flung himself through it, his eyes scanning the room for danger. Having assured himself the king was safe, he prostrated himself at the end of the bed. “Sire, what is your bidding?”

The Elven king Iyathi swung his feet out of bed, and called for his robe. “I have had a terrible vision of the future. The Spirit Wood was whispering my name, calling out to me for help. Tell me, do we have any riders within distance of the retreat?”

Ileme paused only briefly in thought. “We have three my liege, Cequova, Lora and Alalar.”

“Dispatch a bird to each of them, I want them to ride for the Spirit Wood immediately and assess the threat.”

His servant bowed and turned for the door. King Iyathi lifted a hand. “And Ileme, call the War Council to session.”

“As you wish my liege.”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 02, 2009, 05:21:04 am**

Is this going to be a one-a-day thing? Because I think one of my ribs just burst in anticipation.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 02, 2009, 05:22:36 am**

Author's Note:

Sorry for the short update, only had about half an hour before I had to get to work. I'd love to go for a one-a-day, it somewhat depends on my workload. If I can't manage it, I'll try and lengthen the posts to compensate. Pictures will probably only be forthcoming about once a week, due to the time involved.

And now a brief history-

A few months ago, I attempted for the first time to uncover some HFS, and so dispatched a team of dwarves to dig deep, and find me some demon. So they dug, and dug, and dug, until eventually, they uncovered their first deposits of that fine and mysterious element. Working carefully, they circled the deposit, attempting to map out its extremities.

Suddenly, one of the idiot dwarves manages to uncover the very gateway to oblivion itself. A vast horde of frog demons pour forth, and proceed to decimate the miners. They are led by a true demon, Nganuz who slaughters his way through any who approached him.

The screams soon end, as the miners lay dead, their various organs scattered across the walls. But the demons are still coming, following

the deep mine to the surface. Nganuz will rise again.

Hastily, the few dwarves on the surface hold a meeting. Their decision is swift. As one, they reached for a weapon, men and women alike, gave their last look at the sunlight, and descended into the mine.

They met upon three hellspawn only four levels below the surface. With a bellow they ran into combat, not even pausing as another group of frog demons rounded the bend, led by Nganuz himself. Again and again their blades tore into demon flesh, screaming their rage at the fallen. They died, one by one, the mine walls coated in demon and dwarf blood alike.

Finally, one dwarf stood, face to face with Nganuz. His companions were all dead. Only he stood, bleeding profusely from many wounds, one arm useless. He looked at Nganuz, who looked back. He charged.

They were the first soldiers of the Courageous Bolt, and this story is dedicated to their memory.

Incidentally, the character of Teach is based upon a dwarf I once tried to kill as a human in adventure mode. I managed to destroy his two eyes, went for the killing stroke, and found myself exploded into gore with a rather puzzled look on my face. I have absolutely no idea what he did, but I respect him utterly. I hope he's still out there somewhere.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 02, 2009, 05:49:23 am**

That's awesome.. Oh, also... if the military are going to get a mention... Could I be a part time military too? I think it's fair, considering my proffession.

Sorry for hijacking the thread. Continue with the awesome story when ready.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Grendus** on **September 02, 2009, 02:26:02 pm**

If I could request a dwarf I'd like to.

Name: Vucar. No last name, doesn't know it nor does he care to find out.
Profession: Woodcutter. Thinks he knows about carpentry, but usually just makes a fool out of himself.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 03, 2009, 01:41:05 am**

The meeting had been enlightening. Nothing promotes co-operation in a dwarf more than a foreboding sense of doom. Within the space of two hours, a plan had been drawn up, scrapped, drawn up again, revised, revised again and finally given the stamp of council approval. Now all that was necessary was to get the ponderous wheels of the mountain home into motion.

Kubuk had been designated project leader. His complete lack of knowledge in ship-building matters was somewhat offset by his selection by the gods. Dirulal had already pledged his support to the mission, and had been designated as the council liaison to the mission. Servu had stepped up to the role of chief engineer, and was even now in his quarters drawing up blueprints for the mammoth project.

“What about transport?” Kubluk asked Dirulal, as they later strolled from the council chamber. “We’ll be packing a great deal of equipment and provisions with us. Do you intend on carrying it all on your shoulders?”

Dirulal gave him a faint smile. “All in hand Kubluk, all in hand.”

“You can’t just take my wagons!” Tacken exclaimed, grabbing the arm of the lead dwarf. The dwarves had come a few minutes previously, about a dozen of the council guard led by a rather official looking bureaucrat. They had burst in on his small butchery business and begun loading up his wagons, as their leader thrust a pile of official looking documents into his hands, saying something about a requisition order.

Tacken was not pleased, and stood his ground in the doorway. “You’re not taking my wagons,” he repeated, firmly.
“Why not?” the bureaucrat asked, watching his men fixing the mules to the front of the wagons.
“‘Cause they’re my wagons! How am I supposed to transport my meat without my wagons?”
“We’ll be needing the meat as well. You’ll be compensated.”
“Compensated be damned, where are you taking them?”
“That information is classified by the council.”

Tacken watched in vain as his four wagons were led out of the gate. He stroked his beard, and finally made his decision.
“Then I’m going with them,” he stated, stamping his foot.
“I’m sorry?” the bureaucrat looked puzzled.
“They’re my wagons. If you’re taking them, then I’m going with them. I have to protect my investments, see?”
The bureaucrat consulted his papers, as if looking for a flaw in the dwarf’s argument. He finally looked up. “Very well,” he said. “I shall add you to the itinerary. I would advise you to pack for a long trip.”

The Courageous Bolt stood to attention in the long chamber of the mustering hall. Around a hundred dwarves, coated in a wide variety of armour and sporting all manner of weaponry. Conformity of uniform was not essential in the Bolt, merely a devotion to the mountain home and willingness to spill as much blood as necessary for its protection. There was a sense of excitement in the ranks, as all dwarves eagerly anticipated the mission. They knew that few, if any of them would return, but that was the way of the Courageous Bolt.

Their commander Othtar stepped forward, a towering figure at almost five feet in height. His black armour glistened in the torchlight, a relic of over eighty years of combat. The men straightened audibly as he began to speak.

“Men of the Bolt. As many of you are aware, Kubluk of the Taniden clan has been selected by the gods to construct a mighty dwarven ship. This ship will escape the floods, and carry our bloodline into a new future. The construction of this ship will be a perilous process, and many carpenters will give their lives for such an ambitious project.”

The men nodded, giving their lives was a standard part of any project, as far as they were concerned.

“However. These men will need protection, and you soldiers of the Courageous Bolt have been selected to act as part of the defending force. You will be supported by men of the Helm of Jaws, and the Dutiful Stockade.”

“Sir,” Legon snapped to attention, his brow furled in confusion. “We are happy to give our lives for any cause. We exist purely for the good of the mountain home. But this is baby-sitting work, good for the likes of Jaws and Stockade, but why are we being roped in to escort duty?”

Othtar turned his back on the men, and strode over to a map on the wall. He picked up a stick from the wall and began to outline their travel plans.

“The caravan will leave the mountai home and wind its way north into the Wrackpit swamps. You can expect heavy resistance from any man-beasts dwelling in the abandoned villages of the region. We will then head east through the Crevice of Orbs, and no doubt encounter some undead along the way. Breaking through any resistance, the convoy will then proceed via the Wayward road to the north east across the Circular Plains. Here we will be visible for miles and liable for ambush. And finally, we will swing to the east, and set up a base of operations in the Spirit Wood.”

The men remained silent. The mission was beginning to look up.

“The Courageous Bolt is the only division with the experience necessary to penetrate so far into hostile territory. We can expect resistance at every step of the way, and after starting work in the Spirit Wood, the elves are certain to attack. It is your job to arrange the defences, and harass any attacking forces.”

He turned back to the board, and slapped the stick on a prominent symbol to the north of the Spirit Wood. “And finally, the Courageous Bolt is the only division with experience of combating Nganuz. The Demon has set up home near to the elven lands, and is mustering a force of goblins in the region. We have no idea when, but we can expect an assault on the elves in the near future. Your job is to keep Nganuz away from the construction site, and his eyes on the elves.”

The whisper of Nganuz’s name spread through the ranks. As one, the men drew their weapons from their holdings, and held them aloft. Othtar turned, and lifted his mighty battle axe. “Men of the Courageous Bolt. This caravan will get through, and Kubluk will have his ship.” His voice raised, “and if any of you happen to kill Nganuz along the way, then you will live on in name for eternity!”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Teach** on **September 03, 2009, 10:18:00 pm**

By the gods Teach is one bad dwarf 8). I too had a handicapped retired adventurer whom I recruited. He never died cause by the time he crawled over to site of battle half my men would be in pieces and the megabeast dead.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **sir dieselot** on **September 04, 2009, 07:17:24 am**

I would like a hammer dwarf please, Sergeant Dieselot.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 04, 2009, 07:28:19 am**

Wow. I love me! Thanks Cirius!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **skaltum** on **September 04, 2009, 10:25:18 am**

yay story time ;D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Servu** on **September 06, 2009, 11:24:38 am**

Can't wait for next update.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 07, 2009, 02:54:13 am**

Apologies for the few days without updates. I've just adopted a new kitten called Domino, who is a little sickly at present, so she is demanding my constant attention.

I haven't forgotten about you all though, and should be churning out the updates again fairly soon.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Teach** on **September 07, 2009, 04:11:43 am**

THERE WILL BE GLORIOUS UPDATE.
Man it's 5:11am an I'm bored to tears time for some DF!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 07, 2009, 04:20:10 am**

I KNEW i was right to hate kittens! Hope the little furbag in't dyin or nuthin.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 08, 2009, 03:04:22 am**

In his tomb beneath the dark fortress of R'lyeth, the demon Nganuz lies dreaming.

Occasionally, one of his talons would clench, and a low grumble would emit from his throat. His breathing was slow, deliberate, and powerful, as a chest of sinewy red muscles rose and fell in a rhythm older than time itself. His towering bulk lay outstretched upon a giant stone tablet, illuminated with the flickering light of a dozen torches.

Above him, in his towering fortress of obsidian stone, hammers fell and wheels ground. Screams of the dying permeated every stone of the building, as intelligence was gathered from villagers collected from the surrounding area. The clatter of blades punctuated the night, as a swarm of goblins prepared for war.

Nganuz slept on.

Within the space of three days, the caravan had been prepared. Thirty wagons, newly requisitioned from the various merchants and traders of the mountain home, had been hitched into a line, their donkeys impatiently pawing at the ground. A veritable menagerie of animals weaved in and out of the carts, cats, dogs, chickens, all making a deafening racket.

On either side of the convoy, the armed soldiers of the Helm of Jaws and the Dutiful Stockade stood impatiently beside their assigned wagons, checking their weapons and provisions to ensure they were fully prepared for anything that might occur. Their armour was shiny, their cloaks cleaned.

To the front of the convoy, the men of the Courageous Bolt were playing cards. Laughter spread through their ranks as Legon threw his hand down to the dusty floor and pushed the pile of gold towards his opponent.

“Curse you to the elf-land Diesalot, I’ve had enough of this,” he exclaimed. “If I lose any more to you, I’ll be fighting Nganuz in my undergarments!”

He stood up, swinging his axe over onto his back, and shouldering his pack. He barked out, “prepare yourself to move out men, we’ll be leaving in less than a turn.”

As one, the dwarves of the Bolt leapt to their feet, shouldered their bags, and formed up. Their column was hardly the most organised or straight of the three divisions present, but the officers of the Bolt had long ago decided that time spent on practising marching could far better be served learning actual combat. The Courageous Bolt would win no points on the parade ground, but their combat prowess was unquestionable.

Captain Legon strolled down the caravan, occasionally pausing to tighten a load, or exchange a few words with one of the cartsmen. He paused as he recognised Ousire, the Courageous Bolt’s unofficial siege engineer, who was in the process of securing a wagon. The dwarf was leaning heavily back on his feet, tightening the last remaining barrel. Once it was securely fastened, he turned and nodded to Legon.

“Are we leaving soon? These beasts are getting restless,” he asked, waving towards the two donkeys that were pawing at the ground with impatience.

Legon nodded, and eyed the contents of the wagon with a curious glance. They were taller than a standard supply barrel, and each one of them had a reinforced steel base. He pointed towards them.

“What on earth have you got in there Ousire?” he asked, moving towards the cart.

Ousire motioned for him to stay back. “Just a little surprise for Nganuz, special request from Othtar. You’ll find out soon enough, but those barrels are a little volatile, so I’d stay back if I was you.”

At the rear of the convoy, Kubluk was having a final discussion with councilman Mebzuth. Servu was staggering behind them, busy loading his own wagon with various plans and documents pertaining to the construction of the ship.

“Thought of a name yet?” Mebzuth asked.

Kubluk stroked his beard in confusion. “A name?” he quizzed.

“For the ship. Apparently it’s bad luck to sail without a name.”

Kubluk lifted his eyes towards the distant clouds in deep thought. “I have not. But I am sure something will come to me soon enough.”

Mebzuth nodded. “Let it be a name that will live on in legend for all eternity. Now, the council bids you all luck, the wagons are ready, and your soldiers await your command. They will move at your order, just give Othtar the word.”

Kubluk shook his hand, then looked towards the mountain home.

“Something has been troubling me,” he began. “No ship we build will possibly be able to carry the whole of the mountain home, and those of you who stay here will have no time to reach us when the rains begin.”

Mebzuth nodded solemnly. “Of this I am keenly aware Kubluk. However, our will is strong.”

He pointed towards the massive foreboding iron gates of the mountain home.

“Those gates have stood against the Dragon Zulban, the giants of Alathgin, and over a thousand years of time. We will make our own preparations here, and when the rains come, those doors will be closed tightly. The waters may rise above us, but the mountain home will continue.”

“And what of your air?” Dirulal asked, wandering over.

Mebzuth lowered his head. “The air may last, or it may not. We have faith in our gods Dirulal, and that is all we can do.”

“Then I wish you the best of luck, and may the gods be with you.” Dirulal leaned forward, and clasped Mebzuth’s forearm in a tight grip.

“And with you old friend.”

Kubluk turned to face the distant Commander Othtar of the Courageous Bolt, and waved an arm. Almost out of earshot he could hear barked orders, and within moments the clatter of moving wagons and sound of marching feet filled the air. With a final wave to Mebzuth, the two dwarves turned and joined the procession.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **martinuzz** on **September 08, 2009, 05:54:45 am**

Nice update!
Hey - are you going to use 2 fortress mode games for this story? One for the ship, and one for the mountainhomes being submerged?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 08, 2009, 06:11:53 am**

Or both on opposite ends of one map... Or he could just not worry about making a mountainhome one. Those guys are pretty devout though, trusting their gods to deliver them oxygen instead of just building a HUGE airflow tower out of the top.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Grendus** on **September 08, 2009, 09:32:26 am**

Quote from: Tack on September 08, 2009, 06:11:53 am
Or both on opposite ends of one map... Or he could just not worry about making a mountainhome one. Those guys are pretty devout though, trusting their gods to deliver them oxygen instead of just building a HUGE airflow tower out of the top.

I'd be growing Quarry Bushes out the wassou if I was the Mountainhome. Bizarre plants, but if those leaves produce oxygen they just might save lives.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Servu** on **September 08, 2009, 11:07:13 am**

Wow. Your storytelling is really great Cirius. If the quality stays this high I for one would not be suprised to find thiso one in the Hall of Legends one day, especially with a premise as awesome as this!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 08, 2009, 04:59:08 pm**

Interesting idea martinuzz, but it's been proved by many that building an entirely self sufficient enclosed fortress isn't that difficult, and without external influences, I can see that growing boring quite quickly. I might revert back to the mountain home in the future at some point, but to be honest, once those doors are shut, I pretty much intend to keep it that way.

And I wouldn't take Mebzuth too literally. He doesn't mention which gods they have faith in; Urdim the God of Very Tall Air Ducts might have a very special place in his heart.

Servu, your confidence is inspiring. I feel somewhat guilty for only giving you a background mention this update. Not to worry, once the building work starts, you'll be back in the foreground.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 08, 2009, 05:09:42 pm**

Don't worry about it Cirius. The Premise is awesome. The storytelling is awesome. Don't bother trying to fit in characters everywhere, we'll just soak in the story and be happy anyway. Onward to greatness! And boats! And air ducts. and moist.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 08, 2009, 05:23:35 pm**

So sigged.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **September 08, 2009, 05:31:15 pm**

Aye, 'tis a well-forged plot indeed, and I think we all look forward to seeing more great writing.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Labs** on **September 08, 2009, 05:37:57 pm**

What, no Labs in your update?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 08, 2009, 10:34:13 pm**

Ease up labs. You're a carpenter/woodcutter. And they're going to the spirit**wood** full of **trees** to make a **boat**. If you're worried about not getting a mention, you're sillier than the rest of us. Once the story gets to the spiritwood, you'll probably have a bigger mention than all of us.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Grendus** on **September 09, 2009, 08:13:42 am**

Quote from: Tack on September 08, 2009, 10:34:13 pm

Ease up labs. You're a carpenter/woodcutter. And they're going to the spirit**wood** full of **trees** to make a **boat**. If you're worried about not getting a mention, you're sillier than the rest of us. Once the story gets to the spiritwood, you'll probably have a bigger mention than all of us.

I'm giving 3 to 1 odds that a named woodcutter is one of the first ones killed by either the goblins, elves, or the demon. 2 to 1 that it's Labs.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Servu** on **September 09, 2009, 09:41:50 am**

Quote from: Cirius on September 08, 2009, 04:59:08 pm

Servu, your confidence is inspiring. I feel somewhat guilty for only giving you a background mention this update. Not to worry, once the building work starts, you'll be back in the foreground.

Oh don't worry, The updates are far too magnificent for me to even notice!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 10, 2009, 02:11:12 am**

bump

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 10, 2009, 03:23:48 am**

Within several days, the caravan had staggered itself over a mile of road. The rattling of its many wheels, and the footfalls and conversations of the soldiers and traders permeated the surrounding area for miles around. With so many carts spread over such a wide area, the military dwarves were concerned with the possibility of an ambush. Every few minutes, the front of the vast convoy would slow to a crawl and allow the other wagons to slowly bunch up. A distant observer with a few hours to kill would see a giant concertina effect, as the few dozen wagons separated gradually over time, before bunching back together again.

A fluffy wambler noisily bumbled to itself as it buried its nose in the berry bushes that lined the side of the road. Its priorities were limited to the tasty purple berries that even now it was fuzzling, so it barely looked up as the long caravan clattered past, its wheels churning up the road, leaving a trail of mud in its wake. The voices it overheard meant nothing to it, so it understood nothing of the various conversations drifting past its furry ears.

"I don't care what you say Vucar, but there's no way those elves are just going to sit back on their haunches as we cut the spiritwood out from under them!"

"...Blasted elves come near me with their bows, and I'll have their legs off..."

"...'You're not taking my wagons,' I said, 'they're my wagons, and I'll defend them to the death if I have to.'"

"...Nganuz be damned, any more of these cobbles and my entire load will be bruised."

“...giant boat? I thought we were heading to market?”

Aboard the lead cart, Kubluk was deep in conversation with Othtar about the possible threats of their journey. Othtar was counting them off on his hands, and quickly running out of fingers.

“Then there’s the undead of course, always the undead. Turn your back for five minutes and they’ll take a bite clean out of you. I remember ol’ Grendel. A deadite took a bite out of his arm, it got infected, and he took five days to die. He fought every second of it. Then he rose up, and fought for another week against us. Took a dozen of us to finally put him to rest, gods bless his scattered chunks.”

Kubluk nodded, his complexion a faint shade of green under his beard. Othtar saw his pallor, and slapped him on the back. “Don’t you be worried Kubluk, the Courageous Bolt has your back on this one.”

“It’s not my back that I’m worried about. Do you honestly think we have a chance against all of that?”

“There’s always a chance. I’ve always thought that it’s less about the destination, and more about the journey itself. I’m just happy to feel the wind in my beard.”

Dirulal pointed to the north, where the road stretched to an almost infinite point ahead of them. “If it’s a journey you’re after,” he said, “then you’ve chosen the right road to follow.”

“Don’t you be worried,” Othtar assured them both. “We’ll get you there, if it’s the last thing we do.”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 10, 2009, 04:16:37 am**

Mmm, nice... well, not the eaten by zombies stuff. The humanity of kubluk... Are you going to release another one tonight?

Also... cmon, plz put the quote in your sig... otherwise I won't be able to run around shouting "I got quoted in a sig!!"

I meant to use the word humanity. Dwarvanity would see him go "that's interesting" before butchering a kitten and looting the body of a kobold to sell its loincloth to a human caravan for everything of use

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 10, 2009, 04:51:11 am**

You forget, Dwarves vomit at the drop of a hat. In the hat. And then someone will see the vomit, and the cycle will repeat. Thus is the will of Armok.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 10, 2009, 05:04:00 am**

praise be to armok. Also be to armok,
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
"fuckoff"

Anyway, they don't wear hats. they wear caps, and helms. Though it is almost guaranteed that any dwarf seen in fortress mode will have blood or vomit on them.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Outcast Orange** on **September 11, 2009, 06:13:43 pm**

Amazing inspired stuff!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **ousire** on **September 12, 2009, 01:09:27 am**

i like how that my very first appearence in this story is me prepairing explosives to blow the elve's poncey arses up.

but what i cant decide is wether the barrels might be to have exploding balista arrows, or if im just gonna fire the barrels out of the catapults and hope they explode when they hit. (definiatly the more dwarfy of the two atleast, but a bit more dangerous with something as delicate as a boat)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 12, 2009, 01:59:19 am**

It's DF. It's rum. He just lied to the captain so he wouldn't drink it all. They need that for explosiving.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Grendus** on **September 12, 2009, 10:20:42 am**

Quote from: ousire on September 12, 2009, 01:09:27 am

i like how that my very first appearence in this story is me prepairing explosives to blow the elve's poncey arses up.

but what i cant decide is wether the barrels might be to have exploding balista arrows, or if im just gonna fire the barrels out of the catapults and hope they explode when they hit. (definiatly the more dwarfy of the two atleast, but a bit more dangerous with something as delicate as a boat)

Dwarf molotov cocktails. These aren't the pansy mafia, dwarves light kegs on fire and launch them hundreds of yards to ignite whole neighborhoods forests.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 12, 2009, 08:57:14 pm**

Some ideas for your boat-fortress.

Idashkogan Sombith Dak
"Moistboats the executioner of trees"

Idashkogan Agak Uthgur
"Moistboats the anus of demons"

Mostly - Suffixes.

Gar Uthgur
"Destroyers of demons"

Gostangtinad

"The awe-inspiring stunt"

This is remarkably fun!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**

Post by: **Cirius** on **September 14, 2009, 03:02:47 am**

Othtar is a somewhat devious bastard, and has a cunning plan. Ousire and his barrels are a large and important part of that plan, and will eventually come into effect. Until then, I'm going to annoy you all by dropping subtle hints every now and then about them.

Apologies for the lack of update, I've been away from home for a few days. Day off today, so should have something for you later.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**

Post by: **Tack** on **September 14, 2009, 03:14:20 am**

woo?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**

Post by: **Cirius** on **September 14, 2009, 03:48:59 am**

With a horribly damp noise, the lead caravan dropped almost a foot into the road, spraying mud into the air. Kubluk spluttered, and wiped the terribly smelling liquid from his face. Othtar laughed, and passed him a rag from his pack.

“Welcome to the Wrackpit swamps!” he bellowed. “You’ll be happy to hear we’ve over thirty miles of this quagmire.” Kubluk frowned, and looked ahead of them, where the fields surrounding the mountain home gave way to acres of rushes, muddy pools and swarming insects.

“Stay alert,” Othtar warned. “These swamps are home to all manner of beasts. A swamp is truly no place for a dwarf.” He barked an order to the nearest soldier, who scampered off to warn the others to prepare for an ambush.

Progress was agonisingly slow, as foot by muddy foot the caravan advanced slowly into the swamplands. Their advance was made even worse by repeated forced halts as yet another wagon lost its road way and dropped a wheel into a hidden rut. Every few seconds, Kubluk swatted angrily at the humming insects that had found something of intense interest in his beard.

“Try and ignore them,” Othtar advised. “You’ll never get them all.”

Legon was leading the convoy by about fifty paces, his eyes carefully scanning the road ahead for any threats. His combat experience made him ideal for scouting, and it was a task he enjoyed. Humming to himself, he strolled onwards.

Suddenly, he dropped to a crouch. He raised an arm, and the convoy behind him slowly clattered to a halt. At least, most of it did. From far back down the line, the sound of crunching wood and angry shouts signalled one or two carts were a little too slow to respond.

Othtar joined him after a few moments at a crouching run, keeping low in fear of elven bows.

“What is it?” he asked, scanning the road ahead.

Legon nodded to the swamp either side of the road. “I saw movement in the waters. Could just be nothing, but this is swamp beast territory.”

Othtar nodded. “Then we best go check it out,” he stated, rose to his feet, and called over Teach.

“Any trouble, you know what to do,” he commented, as they strolled almost casually in the direction of the threat.

“Kill it?” Legon chuckled.

“Aye.” Othtar turned and walked back towards the wagons, shouting for the officers of the other divisions to ready their men for an ambush.

Teach dropped to his knees, and lowered his ear to the ground. Legon stood motionless, scanning the ditches to either side of them, acting as a pair of eyes for the sightless dwarf.

“Blasted swamp,” Teach muttered. “I can hear something, but the ground’s too damp to get a clear direction. There’s more than one of them as well. I’m thinking twenty, maybe thirty of them.”

Legon nodded slowly, his confidence in Teach’s abilities without question. He lifted an arm, and another ten soldiers of the Courageous Bolt joined them within moments.

He slid his axe deftly from his back, and without giving an order, the other dwarves did the same. Teach tucked his cane into his pack, and replaced it with his rusted blade. “So, do we parley?” he asked.

Legon stepped forward from the group, and cleared his throat. “Listen here,” he shouted. There’s two ways this can go down. Either you show yourselves, and join us for some rum, or we go in there and drag you out by the teeth. Your ambush has already failed, so either you come out and fight us, or bugger off.”

He swung his axe down in a sweeping circle, and buried its head in the muddy ground in front of him. He stood back, almost casually, and folded his arms.

Almost a minute passed. The entire caravan stood in a deathly silence, as they waited for a response. Suddenly, with a damp slither, a creature reared itself from the swamp. It stood as tall as a dwarf, its wet leathery skin glistening in the sunlight, holding a crude spear in what passed for its arms. It surveyed Legon with a pair of cold, dark eyes.

Legon stared back.

A saliva-filled orifice in its face opened, and the beast spoke. “These are our lands,” it slithered, its voice as damp and sickening as its very flesh. “Your lives will be forfeit.”

The marshes to either side of the caravan bubbled, and dozens more slugmen rose from the waters, they were soon surrounded by several dozen of the sinister looking beasts.

Back on the lead wagon, Othtar spat down into the mud, and reached for the axe that was neatly stored behind him. “Slugmen,” he muttered. “Disgusting beasts.”

Kubluk gulped. “Are they a threat?”

Othtar looked at him with faint amusement, then returned his axe to the pile. He leant back, folded his cloak behind his head to act as a pillow, and closed his eyes. Within moments, he began to snore.

Ahead of the convoy, Legon’s stare began to crack. His stern mouth creased on either side, and a bellowing laugh erupted from his deep chest. “Slugmen!” he cried, waving his fist in the air. “We ask for a battle, and you give us slugmen?!”

The leader of the slugmen managed to look almost embarrassed. It waved its spear in the air, somewhat irritated by the lack of attention it was getting. “Slugmen!” it rasped. “Kill them all!”

The beasts poured over the convoy like a swarm of ants over spilled honey, their cries of anger and rage filling the air. Legon swept up his axe from the dirt, and plowed into their midst.

The slaughter was over within moments. Slime was scattered far and wide as the dwarves of the Courageous Bolt decimated the enemy ranks, axes chopping repeatedly as if their enemy was little more than diseased wood. Even Kubluk watched in silent fascination, as their numbers were scattered across the roadway.

Teach stood alone, his sightless combat an awesome sight to behold. Unable to see his enemy, he fought purely by instinct, his blade whirling almost invisibly in the air, covering every possible approach. He laughed manically, and called across to Legon. “ It’s like cutting butter!” he cried. “Their meat doesn’t even slow me down!”

The combat soon ended, and the men of the Bolt returned to the caravan. Several more of their number emerged from the swamp to either side of the wagons, covered from head to toe in mud, where they had dived in pursuit of the now fleeing enemy.

Legon raised his axe, and shouted into the swamps. “We are dwarves, and this is our swamp now!”

Teach returned his sword to his back, and withdrew his guiding cane. He turned, and began to totter back towards the convoy. Suddenly he stopped. “Legon,” he shouted. “I need to borrow your pick”

Legon turned in puzzlement. “What for old man?”

“I think I just trod in a slugman.”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 14, 2009, 04:04:31 am**

stood in a slugman!? HA! I love it.
As always you are an inspiring storyteller, and you leave us all just gasping for more.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Teach** on **September 14, 2009, 11:13:18 am**

Blasted slugmen. You'd think they would know better though eh?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Servu** on **September 14, 2009, 02:11:01 pm**

A great one again!

Also, sigged.
[Quote from: Cirius on September 14, 2009, 03:48:59 am](#)
"We ask for a battle, and you give us slugmen?!"

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **TomiTapio** on **September 14, 2009, 05:44:28 pm**

How about incorporating beastmen and lizardmen? My beastmen are half human, half canine (hyena, wolf, wild dog faces) and fast and bitey. They're not werewolves who transform and infect and need silver weapons. Beastmen got clubs, daggers, leather armor and loinclothes. They're friendlier than goblins and they live in forest retreats (just like human outlaws). Sometimes beastmen wipe out elf towns, kudos to them!

Lizardmen are human speed and bite sort of like alligators. They are sticky about honor and tradition and maintain 200-year old grudges. Tropical areas. Spears and bows.

Oh, and have them find a dead unicorn. Or a cute bear cub that gets crushed by something.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **September 14, 2009, 06:07:05 pm**

Since you just asked him to do that, doing it would mean part of the story is spoiled before it is written.

It's generally a good strategy to just see what the author comes up with. In this particular case it should be good.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **martinuazz** on **September 14, 2009, 07:30:03 pm**

That was, again, one stylish update!
Can't wait until the caravan reaches it destination.
Strike the Elves!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Outcast Orange** on **September 14, 2009, 11:34:25 pm**

I'm very happy about all of this.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 15, 2009, 03:11:44 am**

Alalar stood over the human corpse, his twin blades dripping with the remnant blood from the killing stroke. “So,” he hissed. “Silent to the end. A noble act, even for a human.”

Behind him, Lora yanked an arrow from another body, and wiped the blood from its tip. “Perhaps she didn’t know anything?” he enquired.

“They always know something, whether they are aware of it or not.” His gaze fell to the body of the woman he had recently slain. Her body was a morbid collection of sweeping cuts, evidence of the many hours it must have taken her to finally die. “It’s simply a question of what they know, and how you ask the questions.”

“And the infant?” Lora asked, turning to where a tiny bundle lay discarded on the ground.

Alalar turned away from the body, and raised an eyebrow. “Would you have left the child to starve in the wilderness, prey for any passing wolf?”

He stepped away and sheathed his two short swords back into their homes at his side. As the two elves searched the bodies, their pointed ears continuously twitched, absorbing every sound of the forest, ever vigilant to threats. Their dark mottled skin blended almost seamlessly with the bushes and bark that surrounded them, in an almost perfect camouflage that had served them well during their recent attack.

Lora looked upwards as the distant cry of a bird shattered the silence of the clearing. Moments later, it cried out again. The elf stood and repeated the cry in an almost indistinguishable mimic of the bird.

The two elves looked up, as the forest canopy was disturbed by the beating of a pair of powerful wings. An eagle punched effectively through the leaves, and landed swiftly at their feet. Alalar crouched, extending a hand, and the eagle nuzzled it affectionately.

“A messenger from the king, my brother,” he remarked, and proceeded to unfasten the small tube wrapped securely around the bird’s neck.

He unrolled the small scroll, and looked over the spidery elven script with a keen eye. “We ride for the Spirit Wood. Our liege has had a vision of war.”

Lora turned away from his crouching brother, and whistled. Within seconds, a pair of dark horses cantered into the clearing, their hooves beating a powerful staccato rhythm on the stony ground. As the lead horse approached him, he stroked its nose and allowed it to sniff his hand. “We have a long ride ahead of us dear friend. Are you ready?”

The horse whinnied softly and nuzzled against him, eager for the hunt to begin.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **martinuzz** on **September 15, 2009, 08:15:58 am**

Omg. Sociopath fascist elves.

BURRRRRRRRN THEM!!!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **September 15, 2009, 07:57:14 pm**

Posting in an awesome thread.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 17, 2009, 08:05:13 pm**

I've converted YE! Muhahahaha!!!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 18, 2009, 02:42:39 am**

Apologies for the few days without any updates. Work has been completely hectic as of late, leaving me little time to either write or play such a time sink of a game.

I have made the decision to move this project to one major weekly post,starting this Sunday. Time depending, I will still advance the story during the week if I have the chance, but the days of daily postings are unfortunately past. I should still have the chance to pop onto the forums during the day, so will still be able to answer any questions or respond to any remarks.

Hope you're all enjoying the story so far.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **September 18, 2009, 02:45:48 am**

Don't worry about it. In my experience, people will put up with slow updates. I haven't found the point where they stop putting up with it and get pissed yet, but I'm working towards it.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Servu** on **September 18, 2009, 02:55:21 am**

I second with Jackrabbit, don't worry about getting the updates up every day, the story quality makes it completely worth it.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 18, 2009, 03:00:07 am**

Ignoring everything I just said...

Midnight came to the swamp. The dwarven caravan had wound its way for hours through treacherous murky pools and hidden ditches, and finally hitched up camp on the only high ground within sight for miles around. The mound itself was relatively dry, but the smell of damp mud and rotting vegetation still managed to permeate the whole site.

In an attempt to relieve the unpleasant atmosphere, a number of fires had been lit around the mound, and the sound of dwarven song filled the air. Despite their surroundings, their spirits were high, and alcohol passed freely between the dwarves.

Legon stood at the edge of the site, his eyes scanning the darkness for signs of movement. The memory of the slugmen ambush was fresh in his mind. Whilst the foe was clearly no match for the dwarves, a well timed ambush could still be devastating on an unprepared dwarven camp.

Kubluk staggered over to him, and slapped him on the shoulder. “Come and join t’ party,” he exclaimed, somewhat incoherently. “You’ve sure earned a break after today. Those slugs didn’t know what hit `em!”

“I’ll join you shortly,” he responded, his eyes still watching for trouble. “My watch will be over fairly soon, but we must stay alert for a counterattack.”

“All work and no play makes Urist a dull dwarf,” Kubluk remarked, and slapped Legon around the back for a second time. Legon felt a curious damp sensation from his tunic, and looked down. The drunken dwarf had managed to spill almost his entire drink over Legon, and was even now staring with some bewilderment at his now empty jug.

"I've run ou' drink," he mumbled, and staggered back towards the party.

"Kubluk!" Dirulal cried, slapping the empty space beside him in front of the campfire. "come and sit yourself down. You'll only spill your drink again! Besides, we have tales of mighty deeds to tell."

Wandering over, Kubluk misjudged the location of the seat, and landed heavily beside the fire. Dirulal helped him into a seating position, then passed him a lump of freshly cooked meat.

Kubluk took a bite from the meat, and regarded it with a puzzled glance. "What's this?" he asked, swallowing the partially chewed meat with a grimace.

Dirulal laughed, and took a healthy bite from his own. "Slugman," he remarked, and continued to munch, his beard full of fresh juices. Kubluk sniffed the meat, shrugged, and continued to eat.

Opposite them both, Othtar was deep into a story. He was stood up, and his arms were gesticulating wildly around his shoulders, recounting stories of their past victories. The on-looking dwarves were in awe.

"...There we were," he continued. "Standing on the edge of a great ravine. Goblins to our front, and nothing but the abyss to our rear. They had us cornered, with nowhere to go but down."

"What did you do?" A rapt Tacken asked, his gaze fixed on the dwarf in wonder.

Othtar gave a deep laugh, and swung his arms downwards in a chopping gesture. "Same thing we always do, we fought! The goblins speak in terror of that day. Over a hundred of them we killed. Half we tossed into the abyss, the other we cut to splinters!"

Kubluk listened, swaying side to side through a rather drunken stupor. Since the outset of their journey, he had heard many tales of the adventures of the Courageous Bolt, and their bravery, even when heavily outnumbered with no chance of success. Now he, Kubluk, was meant to lead them and many other dwarves to success and victory. Even in a drunken haze, he couldn't help but fear he wasn't up to the task.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **September 18, 2009, 03:04:17 am**

Heh, I am instantly reminded of 300 and them dumping Persians into the sea.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 18, 2009, 03:13:10 am**

Othtar: "Those goblins look thirsty. Well, let's give them something to drink!"

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 18, 2009, 03:35:27 am**

And I get to be rapt. Hooray. I hope I was the one that fed them slugmen. Hehe, the less bones, the easier to bucher!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Servu** on **September 20, 2009, 02:50:55 pm**

I said it once and I'll say it again: Awesome story.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Labs** on **September 20, 2009, 04:39:06 pm**

Quote from: Cirius on September 18, 2009, 03:00:07 am

"All work and no play makes Urist a dull dwarf,"

Sigged.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **skaltum** on **September 20, 2009, 04:40:32 pm**

Quote from: Cirius on September 18, 2009, 03:00:07 am

"All work and no play makes Urist a sad and bored beserk dwarf,"

what i think anyway :D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 20, 2009, 07:45:49 pm**

Quote from: skaltum on September 20, 2009, 04:40:32 pm

Quote from: Cirius on September 18, 2009, 03:00:07 am

"All work and no play makes the entire fortress die from berserk and sad dwarves."

what i think anyway :D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 23, 2009, 02:54:32 am**

The sun rose over the Wrackpit swamp to reveal an abandoned campsite. The dwarves had folded their tents before dawn, leaving under the cover of darkness, and only the smouldering remains of the campfires and scattered debris were left to mark their passing.

The wagons were back on the road again, having spread themselves across over a mile of sodden pathway. Another recent ambush attempt by the slugmen had been rather neatly foiled when the driver of the lead caravan had, due to a rather intense conversation regarding the merits of plump helmet mushrooms, completely failed to spot the creatures which now coated the rims of his wheels.

Kubluk's head was still spinning from the night before, and every jolt of the cart made him clutch his stomach, keeping his mouth firmly closed. His memories of last night were still relatively vague, and every now and then he would groan as an embarrassing flashback skipped merrily past his eyes.

Dirulal looked over to him. "How are you feeling old fellow?" he remarked. "You look greener than a fine vein of serpentine."

Kubluk nodded gently, unwilling to risk opening his mouth, lest the contents of the night before return to haunt him.

Unperturbed by his companions unwillingness to speak, Dirulal lifted a flask from his belt, and took a large swig. "Hair of the dog, that's the only remedy for a party like last night. Fill yourself with this," he instructed, and passed over the unmarked container. The stench of strong alcohol filled Kubluk's nose, and if anything he turned slightly greener. The queasy dwarf shook his head, very slightly, but in a definite negative, and pushed the flask away from his lips.

"Suit yourself," his friend remarked, before taking a final sip and returning the flask to his pack. "I can't help but wondering," he remarked, his eyes scanning their surroundings, "just how many miles of these forsaken swamps we have left to endure. It's that damned smell; it's got in my clothes, my beard and my skin. We'll be smelling this place for weeks to come!"

Kubluk nodded, trying to keep his eyes fixed on the wooden bench beneath him, unwilling to risk looking up at the sodden terrain.

"Othtar said something last night about a village on the road ahead," Dirulal continued, "but then it's not too far to the canyons. I can't say I'm looking forward to it, but surely anywhere's better than this muddy pond."

Kubluk nodded, his memory vaguely reminding him of something Othtar had said about undead hordes dwelling in the Crevice of Orbs. However, still feeling somewhat worse for wear, he declined to comment.

"Anyway," Dirulal remarked. "I'm still hungry." He rooted around once again within his pack, and drew out a tightly bound bundle. He loosened the knots with his fingers, and drew out a chunk of foul smelling meat, which he then proceeded to wave under Kubluk's nose.

"Fancy some slugman?" he asked.

The sound of Kubluk's retching could be heard almost the entire length of the caravan, followed by the distinctive sound of Dirulal's bellowing laughter.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **September 23, 2009, 04:39:44 am**

Dirulal you bastard.

This story is extremely well written, interesting and very fun to read. I foresee greatness.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **September 23, 2009, 06:37:47 pm**

Poor Kubluk. I liked how the second ambush ended (started? happened?), by the way.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Limul Thak** on **September 25, 2009, 06:10:29 pm**

I can see it now... ::)

<Slugman head honcho>: Now you shall pay for your crimes! >:(
a minute or two later...
<Dirulal> Thanks for the wheel varnish! ;D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 25, 2009, 09:07:30 pm**

<Slugman head honcho> Now you shall pay for your crimes... hey. Stop. I'm attacking you. Ah, Hey! Run! You aren't allowed to do this. The tail! My tail! Aaaaablarblearble.

<Teach> Well, at least now we don't have to waste our time on these.

<communal agreement>

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 26, 2009, 03:48:26 am**

As one, the goblin blacksmiths looked up from their hard labour as a deafening roar reverberated through the dark stone of the demon fortress of R'lyeth. The hammering of armour and blade swiftly came to a halt, replaced by the whispering of the goblin masses. The words were indistinct, but one was repeated by all.

Nganuz.

His name spread quickly through the ranks, uttered in a terrifying rendition of Chinese whispers. Within moments, the mutterings began to rise in volume as the word spread quickly through their midst, rapidly becoming a repeated chant.

Nganuz, Nganuz.

Over a thousand goblin warriors heard the chant, and raised their weapons above their heads. Razor sharp swords, halberds, pikes, some still bearing the stains of their victims, were held aloft in a gross parody of a parade.

Nganuz! Nganuz!

Deep within the fortress cells, the surviving prisoners of the goblins dropped to their bony knees and trembled in terror. Their starving bodies froze in shock at the name, and mindless fear spread through their number as they began to claw at each other in panic. The moans of despair fuelled the chant to rise even higher in volume, as the guards noted their wards' discomfort.

Suddenly, another roar ripped its way through the fortress, even louder than before. It was a sound as old as time, evoking primal memories of fear in all that heard it. A roar that promised only lingering pain and suffering, to which death would come as a welcome release.

In an instant, the chant vanished, replaced by a silence punctuated only by the sound of a low grumbling breathing.

Nganuz was awake.

After almost two days of nothing but swamp, the repetitive vista of the marshlands began to come to an end. Patches of dry land and sturdy terrain, that until now had been a rarity, began to become more frequent. Progress along the muddy road became easier, and before long the caravan found itself returning to a semblance of dry land.

The relief was palpable, almost as evident to any observers of the convoy as the stench of the swamp that lingered in the air around the wagons. As the caravan began to accelerate its pace along the more reasonable roadway, Kubluk was finally sighing with relief as his hangover retreated. Dirulal had since retired to a half empty provisions wagon further down the train, and his grumbling snore rose and fell with the clatter of the wheels. The driver of the lead wagon was also taking a well needed break, and the butcher Tacken had taken the reins. After a brief introduction to the trader, Kubluk quickly found himself enjoying the dwarf’s company.

“Despite what anyone says,” Tacken was insisting, “slugman is actually quite a delicacy. It’s all in how you cook it. The secret, I find, is in the juices. If it’s fired for too long, it grows too tough to handle, but not long enough, and it’s still relatively toxic to dwarves.”

“Doesn’t it disturb you,” Kubluk responded, “slicing up a sentient creature? We’ve brought so many provisions with us, it surprises me that you’d want to look elsewhere.”

Tacken raised an eyebrow. “Sentient? The beasts ambushed a heavily armed dwarven caravan without a second thought. I’d hardly call them thinkin’ creatures. Besides, those provisions back there might need to last us a very long time, so if the options there for a little variety, I’m going to take it. There might come a time when you’re sick of bread and cheeses, and desperate for some slugman meat.”

“I suppose,” Kubluk responded, despite being unable to think of such an occasion off the top of his head.

Suddenly, he looked up with a start at the shout of his name. A dwarf in full plate armour clanked up to the wagon and saluted. He raised his visor to reveal himself as a slightly tired looking Commander Silus, commanding officer of the Helm of Jaws detachment, who were taking their turn as the eyes of the convoy.

“What is it Silus?” Kubluk asked.

Silus pointed down the road. “We are approaching a village, should be upon it in the next few hours. Your orders?”

Kubluk looked surprised. After experiencing the likes of Othtar and the dwarves of the Courageous Bolt, he wasn’t used to military dwarves asking his opinions, let alone his instructions. His brow furrowed in thought.

“Hmm,” he finally responded decisively. “Can we send up a few scouts to take a look around it? It would be a good idea to know what we’re getting ourselves in for.”

Silus snapped a salute. “Very good sir,” he responded, and trotted back in the direction of his men.

Kubluk breathed a sigh of relief, and sat back. Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted Othtar looking in his direction. Wordlessly, the soldier raised his hand in a salute, and gave him a slight nod, their eyes fixed on eachother. Kubluk nodded back, and couldn’t help feeling like he’d passed some kind of test.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 26, 2009, 03:50:45 am**

In related news, the story of Spiritwood, (as this tale should technically be known), has just breached 10,000 words. In celebration, I have just been to Tesco to buy myself a chocolate bar.

Hoozah!

nyomnyomnyom.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **September 26, 2009, 03:55:00 am**

Nom for your life man, you deserve it.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Tack** on **September 26, 2009, 04:12:04 am**

CHOCOLATE!
I feel like chocolate now.
nomnomnomnom.

Ready to post again?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Teach** on **September 27, 2009, 11:57:08 am**

Slugman is a delicacy.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Servu** on **September 27, 2009, 05:32:00 pm**

Keep 'em coming! As far as I'm concerned, this is the forum's most interesting story in progress.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 28, 2009, 02:29:18 pm**

Crikey, up to 91 replies for my little thread.

100th response gets...umm...I don't know, a brief acknowledgement.

Thanks for all the support and goodwill. Not sure I'd have been able to keep at it without everyone's positive responses. I'm not sure how often I'll be able to update this week, as work's rearing its ugly little head, but I shall do my best. Here's to another 10,000 words!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **martinuazz** on **September 29, 2009, 05:21:08 am**

<cheers to the next 10000 words>

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Thief^** on **September 29, 2009, 06:18:30 am**

Is it too late to claim a dwarf for this thing?
"Falk", a dwarven boy who is almost of age, becomes a crossbowdwarf?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Outcast Orange** on **September 29, 2009, 08:18:27 am**

Yay!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **September 29, 2009, 01:19:00 pm**

Hmm, a dwarf full of youthful exuberance, eager to prove himself in combat? I can see this boy having the life expectancy of a flea...hehe.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Thief^** on **September 29, 2009, 01:39:23 pm**

Hopefully he at least manages to actually shoot something (even if he doesn't kill it) before he dies ;D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Servu** on **October 04, 2009, 09:56:19 am**

No update makes me sad. :(

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 05, 2009, 03:29:09 am**

"I'm not sure how often I'll be able to update this week"

The answer was not at all. This made me sad also. I am now however typing as we speak, the kitten is attempting to fish haribo sweets out of a small bowl on the table, whilst my other cat watches on in vague bemusement.

There will be an update today, you have my word as a literary dwarf.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 05, 2009, 04:12:52 am**

Silus ran at a crouch, his armour shifting uncomfortably against his knees as he moved forward with a squad of the Helm of Jaws. They moved forward at a rapid pace, yet still conscious of attack. The military dwarves of the Jaws presented a stark contrast to those of the Courageous Bolt. Commander Silus was a firm believer in discipline, and often found himself coming under verbal blows from Othtar, who found his pre-occupation with polishing armour and marching drills to be counterproductive. Silus however was firmly a dwarf of the old school of military thought, a believer in formations and battle drills. The two commanders were therefore the source of much friction within the military of the mountain home, as their successes on the field left a great deal of uncertainty as to which direction the military would go in future. Regardless of their personal beliefs, both commanders had a great deal of respect for the other.

Because of this, the dwarves under Silus’ command positively glinted, their armour reflecting the sunlight above them as they jogged down the road, feet pounding the stones in almost perfect unison. Their commander led the advance, his strong muscular frame easily visible at the head of the dwarves.

Suddenly, he raised an arm and barked for a halt. The dwarves behind him stopped in moments, and dropped into a combat stance, their hands reaching for their blades.

“The village should be just over the next rise,” he remarked, indicating the direction with the flat of his sword. Turning, he aimed his blade towards the dwarves and indicated a selection of them. “Falk, Rocard, Brabus, move forward and assess the situation. You are to engage only if provoked. Sound the alarm if you need reinforcing, and we’ll come running.”

The three chosen dwarves snapped a salute, and separated from the group. Silus watched them jog over the hillside, and sat himself down. “Stand yourself easy dwarves, but don’t get too comfortable, we may not be here for too long.”

The three crossbow dwarves moved ahead of their colleagues at a swift pace, eager to prove themselves. Of the three, only Rocard was a dwarf of much experience. The other two were relative new comers to the Helm of Jaws, and in the case of Falk, had yet to see any actual combat. Rocard was therefore on his guard and extremely cautious.

Surprisingly then it was Falk who was the first to spot the village which crouched forebodingly in a small valley ahead of them. A faint cloud of dust and smoke almost obscured its presence, but it was clear even to the inexperienced marksman that something was amiss. Blocking the main routes into the village were a series of obstacles, wagons turned onto their sides, stacked barrels and firewood, packed almost haphazardly across the roadway. He turned to his companions, and began to whisper in a low voice.

“Definitely a human settlement, but what’s with the wagons?” he asked.

“It’s some kind of defensive line,” Brabus replied. “Those blockades look like they’ve been forced several times. See the scratches, the breaks in the wood?”

“But they’re still holding out?”

“Looks like it, but I’m not sure how much longer they can stay that way. Depends really on who the attackers are.”

Falk found himself gripping his crossbow a little too tightly in reassurance, and readjusted his grip.

“Think it’s goblins?” he squeaked.

“Not this far south.”

Falk coughed, and deepened his voice.

“What then? Other humans?”

“Perhaps,” Rocard answered, turning away his head to hide a faint smile at the young dwarfs obvious discomfort.

“Think we should go down and check it out, or head back to Silus?” Falk asked, his eyes still fixed on the village ahead of them. Aside from the distant clattering of shutters swinging in the breeze, and occasional bark of a dog, not a sound could be heard from the village. To further the air of mystery, they could see absolutely no-one on the streets down below.

“We weren’t expecting anything like this,” Rocard finally answered. “We go back, Silus needs to know about this.”

“We could just go down and have a closer look?”

Rocard looked back at Falk in surprise. The recruit had seemingly lost his terror in the space of a few seconds, and was apparently now asking to place himself deliberately in a dangerous position. For a moment, the soldier was impressed, but still he shook his head.

“It’s not worth the risks Falk, and you know it.”

“But I’m ready now! I’m not scared.”

“This isn’t about you Falk. No-one’s questioning your skill, but if there’s a bigger threat to the caravan then the commander needs to know about it.”

Falk lowered his head, clearly disappointed. “I understand sir.”

Rocard slapped him on the back. “Don’t worry Falk, this is going to be a long journey. You’ll get your chance to fight, I promise you. And when you do, I’ll be standing right beside you.”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log**
Post by: **Haspen** on **October 05, 2009, 04:27:50 am**

I'm so loving this story *grabs popcorn*

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 05, 2009, 04:36:30 am**

FANFARE!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
100TH POST IS HEREBY ENSHRINED IN HISTORY

LET IT BE ENGRAVED FOR ALL ETERNITY IN ADAMANTINE USING A POINTY ADAMANTINE GRAVING STICK!

This is an admantine post. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is studded with epic and encircled with bands of win.
On the image are the words,
Quote from: Haspen on October 05, 2009, 04:27:50 am

I'm so loving this story *grabs popcorn*

Cirius has admired a fine 100th post lately.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **October 05, 2009, 04:37:08 am**

Woohoo!
Thanks, you've captured what I had in mind for Falk perfectly.
I'm proud to be part of such an awesome story. I look forward to reading more.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Servu** on **October 05, 2009, 05:42:16 am**

An *update* and a 100th post right next to each other?
THE CROWD GOES WILD

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Teach** on **October 05, 2009, 11:01:42 pm**

Introducing elf druids to the dwarven brand of FUN has always been a favored past time of mine. You can play catch with special giant steel Frisbees of dwarven make (with serrated edges for better grip) or Shiny Pointy Metals Sticks. Tag is a refreshing alternative for when you tire of throwing stuff around recommended to play near an idyllic lake or large drop for better ambience. Should that grow boring you can always play a nice game of baseball with them (with standard iron or steel war hammers of course). With all these fun games it looks like there is truly no end of FUN in sight for Teach.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 05, 2009, 11:28:28 pm**

Cos dwarves put the FUN in HFS!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 07, 2009, 02:40:48 am**

Commander Silus looked up at the approaching sound of pounding feet, and reached for his weapon. He was relieved yet still somewhat disappointed when moments later the three dwarven scouts of the Helm of Jaws came into view.

“The village...” Falk panted, “overturned carts...blockades..”

Rocard waved his exhausted colleague to sit down, and saluted the commander.

“There are signs of a prolonged attack,” he began, sketching a vague outline of the village in the dirt with his foot. “The villagers have erected defences around the boundary at these positions,” he marked a couple of new lines in the dirt, “and pretty much blocked off access via the main roads. The blockades seem to be holding, and the wall still seems relatively secure, but we couldn’t see anyone moving around inside.”

Silus scratched his beard, and leaned forward to inspect the diagram. “Did you see anything of the attackers?” he asked.

Rocard shook his head. “Not one. Tracks lead north from the village and indicate a group of about fifty, but they’re badly scuffed, and it’s difficult to get a clear print from them.”
“Goblins?”

“Could be sir, but it’s not their usual hunting grounds.”

“No, that’s what I thought.” The commander peered at the diagram closely. The road the caravan would take ran straight through the village, and a detour was impossible in the difficult terrain. The blockades would have to be shifted aside to allow the wagons access to the road north.

“I guess we’re going to have to go take a look then.” Silus stood up, and shouldered his pack. “Form up lads!” he barked. “Grab your weapons and prepare for trouble. We’re heading into town!”

The dozen dwarves of the Helm of Jaws knew that approaching the village unseen would be impossible. A wide area of ground surrounding the wall had been cleared of bushes and debris, permitting no cover to the approaching dwarves. Silus had therefore decided to dispense with a covert operation, and march right up to the front door.

As the dwarves in their glistening armour marched in perfect rank and file down the roadway, Silus ordered the banner unfurled and within moments the purple flag flew with its proud emblem of a silver helm on the backdrop of a golden cog.

As they approached to crossbow range, he lifted his hand and brought their number to a swift halt. He drew a small bronze horn from his belt and blew a loud tone. The tone spread across the silent village, shattering the silence. A flock of dark crows exploded into the air, startled by the noise that interrupted their feeding.

Rocard pointed the climbing birds out to his commander. “Carrion birds,” he remarked. “they can only mean death.”

“True enough,” Silus responded, eyeing the crows with some distaste. Suddenly, he broke into a smile. “Let’s just make sure it’s not our death then, shall we?”

He cupped his hands around his mouth and yelled. “Hello?!!”

The dwarves stood in silence for almost a minute, before the commander tried again.

“Hello! Is anybody there?”

A distant crow cried out the only response.

Silus adjusted the strap on his helmet, and nodded towards the barricade. “Falk, Rocard, see if you can’t find us a way in.”

The two dwarves scurried forward, crouched low to protect themselves from any hidden bowmen concealed within the village walls. Within moments, Falk looked up with some surprise to find himself at the wall without a scratch. He knocked apprehensively on the hastily erected barricade, a hefty wagon that had been turned at considerable effort on to its side. The silence that replied was almost worse than the expected cries of ambush, so he coughed softly to bring an end to the quiet.

Rocard shrugged, and muttered. “Guess they’ve up and left. Give us a hand, and we’ll get this shifted.”

The two dwarves leant heavily against the wagon and strained. With their combined dwarven strength, the wagon creaked loudly, and finally tipped back onto its wheels, where it was an easy matter to wheel the cart aside.

“All clear!” Rocard shouted, and the rest of the dwarves surged forward at a run. The party rushed through the newly formed hole, their weapons held high in expectation of resistance. Silus was at the head of the charge, his silver axe presenting the tip of the assault. His skill in battle was a close match for the legendary prowess of Othtar and Teach, so it was somewhat disappointing for the accompanying dwarves when they discovered nobody waiting for them on the other side.

“By the gods, where is everybody?” he grumbled, his axe lowering slightly, but still ready for use. Suddenly, a loud bang shattered the silence. Within an instant, the dwarves moved into a practised formation, every eye and blade focused on a different location, making a surprise attack impossible. Falk lifted his crossbow to his eye and scanned the rooftops around them. He cursed to himself as he could feel his hands trembling in fear. Silus waved an arm without saying a word, and the diamond of dwarves moved slowly forward, still in battle formation. Another bang reverberated through the streets, its source concealed by the echoing alleys and walls.

“Bugger this for a patrol,” Silus muttered, almost to himself. The other dwarves grunted in response.

They rounded a corner as a final bang shattered the silence. Its source was an elderly shutter that swung precariously in the wind. Instinctively, Falk’s finger tightened on the trigger and a crossbow bolt sliced across the square. It slammed into the shutter, which sagged rather pathetically before dropping into the dust of the street.

Rocard chuckled at the inexperienced dwarf. “Nice shooting,” he remarked.

Falk mumbled apologetically, before fumbling another bolt into the crossbow.

“So,” Silus announced. “Either we’ve missed the party, or no-one wants to come out and play. How rude.”

As if in direct response to his comment, a door slammed open across the square from the dwarves. A wide eyed human burst from the doorway, his clothes in tatters, and ran towards the dwarves, a rusted blade in his hand. The dwarves raised their weapons in preparation for attack.

“Steady,” Silus warned, and raised his axe. “Either you stop, or we will cut you down where you stand!” he warned.

The human slowed, and collapsed into the dust almost at the commander’s feet. He looked up, his chest heaving from exhaustion. The absolute terror in his eyes was palpable to every member of the patrol.

Silus stared the man in the eyes, and lowered his own weapon. He reached out, took the rusted knife from the unresisting human’s hand, and dropped it in the street.

The human stared back at him, and croaked something inaudibly.

“What was that?” Silus replied, leaning forward close to the man’s mouth.

“Run,” he whispered.

“Run? From what?”

“The dead are coming.”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 07, 2009, 04:54:01 am**

The Dead Are Rising! Repent! Repent!

Ohh man, this is So SWEET. Zombie attacks and stuff! WOO! Gimme more!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Servu** on **October 07, 2009, 04:58:45 am**

Awesome. Keep 'em coming!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 08, 2009, 03:31:52 am**

People of many races have often hypothesised what it is that drags some people back from the grave as an undead. Some believe in the fabled `magic`, a power beyond any mortal understanding, a domain restricted entirely to the gods. More academic dwarves point the accusing finger at an unknown disease that survives on dead flesh. Others blame the rising number of rising corpses on a shortage of chairs in hell.

Whatever the cause, there is surely nothing more terrifying to a warrior than facing a charging mob of slaving beasts and recognising a dead relative staring back at you. It’s an unsettling combination of the chaos of battle, amplified by the guilt of not providing a good enough funeral for your grandparent.

Whilst slow, the typical undead is a persistent beast, neither suffering from exhaustion or hunger. They will generally keep coming, until presented with a better target, or their legs fall off.

Silus knew all of this, and it was doing little to lighten his mood. The human had eventually calmed down enough to present a fairly understandable account of the attack. Several days previously, a ragged column of migrants had come from the north, begging for sanctuary after escaping an attack of the undead. The village had opened its gates to them, little realising that several of the group were in the first stages of transformation. The doctor was the first to die, after losing his face to one of his patients. The attack spiralled rapidly out of control, due to confusion and misunderstanding. No-one was willing to strike a fatal blow at their own, even when only dead eyes stared back at them.

Silus spat. “It’s always the same with humans. Reluctant to take necessary steps, even to survive. The eyes are the key, if there’s no-one staring back at you through them, then you’re lunch.”

So the attack had spread rapidly through the small community, decimating their numbers. Those that hid were soon found and torn apart by the rising numbers of the undead. To the human’s knowledge, he was the only survivor, sealed within a hidden cellar, forced to sit for hours with his hands over his ears to drown out the screams of the dying, and the moans of the cursed. He was on the verge of madness when the dwarves had finally arrived.

“Still,” Silus slapped him on the back. “Cheer up, you survived after all.”

The human stared back at him, his eyes wide with incomprehension. The dwarven attitude towards death and destruction was legendary among the other races, but it was always unsettling to see it first hand. A dwarf wouldn’t blink at a mass grave, but would go into a beserk rage at the thought of losing a priceless artifact.

Silus rose to his feet and commanded the others to do the same. “Get those barricades shifted, and clear a path for the wagons. We’re going to head through here at full tilt, and head north as fast as we can. I’d like to see those deadites try and catch us.”

Rocard looked to the north, where the massive trail of shambling feet proceeded into the distance. “But that’s where they went.”

“Not much of a choice sergeant, it’s the only road heading in our direction. If we catch up to them, well, we’ll just have to beat ourselves a path. Send a runner back to the caravan, and tell them to move out. Oh, and tell Othtar to prepare for the undead.”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 08, 2009, 04:55:42 am**

Quote from: Cirius on October 08, 2009, 03:31:52 am
A dwarf wouldn’t blink at a mass grave, but would go into a beserk rage at the thought of losing a priceless artifact.

Sigged for good measure.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **martinuzz** on **October 08, 2009, 04:58:04 am**

I like. More! More!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Dante`** on **October 08, 2009, 02:35:31 pm**

Man, While reading this I keep coming back to "wtf omg this is epic," And I read it again and its like a freaking movie. If only I was rich and could fund such an endeavor it would be the best dwarf fortress movie EVER!!!

Btw zombies. You just gained like +2000 rep in my book. Fcking love zombies and fortifications against em XD You are a master of words and leave people wanting more. If this story dies I shall hunt you down and put you in a glass cage, Where you will be forced to live out your days till the stories done then thrown into the magma like the deserter you are (too harsh?) >.> <.< Good job!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 08, 2009, 04:34:29 pm**

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Ah HA! See, Cirius? See how it feels to have someone **expect** you to keep writing? Threatening you, or a certain butcher to ensure it? How cruel, Cirius... How cruel.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Dante`** on **October 08, 2009, 04:49:32 pm**

:P *bows* Just spreading around the ... love? XD

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **October 08, 2009, 04:53:46 pm**

i say young man get me some braaaaaiiinssss... says the zombie noble

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Dante`** on **October 08, 2009, 05:00:26 pm**

Zombie noble has issued a mandate: Moar brains.

You have failed to fupill mandate, Punishment? Yoar brains!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Grendus** on **October 08, 2009, 07:57:13 pm**

I'm just guessing you've read the Zombie Survival Guide, right? That was the number one threat of zombie spreading in the book, the infected seeking refuge and the survivors being unable to kill their turned loved ones.

Lovin the story though. Should have chosen a soldier, woodcutters haven't actually come into play yet /sigh.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Dante`** on **October 08, 2009, 08:09:14 pm**

Dude course. I have TZSG and WWZ. Also have an extension collection of Z movies. I luuuve zombies. And thats why i gasm'd when I read "And they refused to attack their loved ones" Silly humans. Dwarves are epic win.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 08, 2009, 11:16:34 pm**

Zombies are epic win too. Not as epic win as dwarves.

Dwarven zombies?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Dante`** on **October 08, 2009, 11:56:26 pm**

Your new immagrants all arrive with fey mood status, They move into the fortress... They all start attacking your people wich in turn get fey mood, Soon your only have one dwarf left against the rampaging evilness around you and he has full plate adamantine!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 09, 2009, 01:40:07 am**

If they all have fey moods, who dug out the addy?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 09, 2009, 02:28:25 am**

Grendus, I apologise for the minimal appearances so far of the civilian classes. This section of the novel is primarily covering the dangerous journey the dwarves are making, so it's tending to be concentrating more on the military dwarves. The other dwarves will be making more of an involved appearance later, but will still be making an odd appearance as we go.

Of course, some might say that commenting on your dwarf's lack of appearance right during the middle of a zombie outbreak might not have been the wisest idea...

Saying that, I warn you all, the death of the first named dwarf is soon to be upon us. The shadowy finger of fate may fall on any one of you...

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 09, 2009, 03:02:50 am**

hey. HEY! I updated! You all saw me. I didn't succumb to apathy. Nuh uh. can't happen. Course, i'd probably be thrilled if it did. But I'd be thrilled anyway.

I love it. I log on, get into my story to see you calling my posts excellent writing, and then move on to your posts to **see** excellent writing. Novelist's dream.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 09, 2009, 03:10:26 am**

Within less than an hour, the wagon train had moved without incident through the village, and rejoined with the members of the Helm. The human had been sent to the rear to rest in a lightly loaded wagon, and they had been making good time along the stone road since picking him up. As the wagons clattered along the roadway, the dwarven legion marched at a jog along either side. Kubluk was as ever sat in the lead cart, where Tacken held the reins. Despite the danger from attack, the two dwarves were in high spirits, exchanging stories from the mountain home.

“And Labs said `wood? I thought you wanted it made of iron!” Tacken exclaimed, slapping his knees. Kubluk sat back on the bench, and laughed deeply.

“So,” Tacken asked, his face becoming a little more serious. “Did you leave anyone behind back home? A family?”

“There’s just me,” Kubluk replied. “My brothers were part of the guard that stood up against the giant. Neither or them survived the battle.”

“It sounds like they died well.”

“Aye, they did the family proud.”

He hung his head slightly, remembering their determined faces. They had both seemed so confident as they pulled on their helmets and left the fortress. He had never believed they would never return.

“Do you think we’ll ever go back there?” Tacken asked, after a moment of silence.

Kubluk paused, then recalled his conversation with Mebzuth the councilman at the gateway to their home.

“The mountain home has stood for over a thousand years. It’s survived fires, dragons, giants.” Kubluk replied. “It’s the true ancestral home for all dwarves, and I’m reckoning it’ll take more than just a little damp to bring it to its knees.”

Tacken nodded, somewhat satisfied with the response. Kubluk looked away, his eyes fixing on the roadway ahead of them. In his minds eye, he could see the waters rising through the tunnels of the mountain home. Furniture and dwarf alike pushed aside by the surging waters, the screams of panic from the trapped. He felt the bitter taste of the flood waters in his mouth and imagined how it would feel to finally disappear underneath the waves for good.

He shuddered slightly, and pulled his cloak tightly around him. The air was beginning to become colder, and a damp breeze was gradually picking up. Visibility was decreasing, as the evening began to draw in, and a thick fog began to settle around the convoy.

Legon jogged over to the wagon, and Kubluk helped him up onto the bench beside them. He paused momentarily to regain his breath before reporting.

"It's beginning to get dark. We should stop soon before we can't see more than a few feet ahead of us. Othtar doesn't like the look of that fog either."

Kubluk nodded. "I agree. Is there anywhere near we can stop?"

"Nothing marked on the map, it might be best to just make camp."

Kubluk paused for a moment, then nodded. "You're probably right. We'll stop where we are, and pull everyone in close. I'm not feeling good about tonight."

He wrapped his cloak even tighter around himself and shivered again. He wasn't feeling good about that night, not even slightly.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **October 09, 2009, 04:27:40 am**

:D
This is a really good story!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **October 09, 2009, 04:39:04 am**

I'm fairly certain it's got enough votes for the Hall of Legends too. I'll get right on that.

That was quick, I must say.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 09, 2009, 04:51:27 am**

Congratulations on your induction into the HALL OF LEGENDS!!!

Feel proud? I do. As seen by the triple exclamation marks.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **October 09, 2009, 04:53:37 am**

Want to write your own little blurb? If you don't, I will.

Shudder.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Dante`** on **October 09, 2009, 06:45:41 am**

Gratz on the hall of legends induction, Well deserved indeed.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Servu** on **October 09, 2009, 10:43:12 am**

Congrats from my behalf also!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **October 09, 2009, 02:42:48 pm**

Congrats. Deserved it fully. ;D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 09, 2009, 04:03:24 pm**

Holy crap, I'm in the Hall of Legends?!!

I really must keep track of other threads, I had absolutely no idea that was on the cards.
As for a blurb, I'll just take this part and parcel from the first post of this thread.

"After Moist Vetek, a somewhat mediocre weather god appears to Kubluk Taniden in a dream, the unlucky dwarf is thrust into an epic adventure featuring elves, demons, goblins, zombies and scattered showers.
With nothing but their wits and the somewhat suicidal dwarves of the Courageous Bolt to help them, the travellers must fight their way across the lands of the mountain home to build for their very survival."

Thanks to everyone who voted for me!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **October 09, 2009, 05:03:22 pm**

Awesome. That sums up the premise rather nicely, methinks.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **October 09, 2009, 05:05:30 pm**

Head on over and check it out.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Dante`** on **October 09, 2009, 05:43:11 pm**

Mmmm "Epic story is Epic, End of story."

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 10, 2009, 03:11:15 am**

Heheh... see? We all love your storywriting. So take a page out of my book and start updating three times a day. We'll all thank you for it!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Dante`** on **October 10, 2009, 10:49:07 am**

No preassure is needed :P

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **October 10, 2009, 02:58:06 pm**

Pressure will decrease quality! Pressure must be expunged!

We need a warm pillow! Stat!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **October 10, 2009, 03:27:32 pm**

Quote from: Jackrabbit on October 10, 2009, 02:58:06 pm
Pressure will decrease quality! Pressure must be expunged!
We need a warm pillow! Stat!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **sir dieselot** on **October 10, 2009, 05:14:59 pm**

Very nice story so far. Great introduction to undead as well.

Also, my dwarf seems to have been forgotten since the 3rd page.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 10, 2009, 05:37:35 pm**

Quote from: sir dieselot on October 10, 2009, 05:14:59 pm
Very nice story so far. Great introduction to undead as well.
Also, my dwarf seems to have been forgotten since the 3rd page.

... Great how he brings that up right after Ciri

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **sir dieselot** on **October 10, 2009, 05:57:11 pm**

Also great that my dwarf's name is Dieselot, making it all the more fitting.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 10, 2009, 06:06:17 pm**

heh... true. Awesome.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Ciri**us on **October 12, 2009, 03:25:33 am**

As night fell, so did the fog. The dwarves had drawn the wagons round into two rough circles; an outer defensive perimeter patrolled by the military dwarves, and a smaller inner circle where the civilians would bed down for the night. With unspoken agreement, few fires were burning around the camp, and conversations were being conducted in a low whisper.

The Courageous Bolt were on guard duty, so Othtar was awake with Kubluk in the centre of the camp. The two were feeding on two substantial cuts of meat acquired from Tacken’s supplies, and their conversation was sporadically punctuated by the sound of chewing meat.

“So how did you end up commander of the Bolt?” Kubluk asked, after swallowing a particularly troublesome chunk of meat.

“Taking command of the Courageous Bolt is a little unorthodox. Very few dwarfs have ever been promoted to the position. It’s more a question of necessity. As one commander falls in battle, the next guy picks up where he left off. I’m actually a sergeant.”

Kulbuk looked confused. “Then you’ve never had any training in command?” he asked.

“No-one can train you how to command. You just do it. If it’s a good command, people live. If it’s a bad command, people don’t come home. You just learn to live with it, and learn from your mistakes.”

Kubluk hung his head. “I’m just glad I’ve got dwarves like you around me. I don’t think we’d have got this far without the Courageous Bolt.”

Othtar chuckled. “We’re only dwarves, just like you and every other carpenter and trader in the caravan.”

“But the stories of bravery, of courage. I couldn’t have done those things.”

“We didn’t have a choice. It was either live, or die. One day I’m sure you’ll have to face the very same decisions, and I can tell you this, “he continued, “you’ll fight as hard as you can for as long as you can, because you just don’t have any other choice.”

Kubluk nodded, before biting another chunk from the meat. He wasn’t sure what he was eating, but from experience, he knew better than to ask.

“How’s our human guest?” he asked finally, after another long pause in the conversation.

“Pretty shaken up,” Othtar replied. “He’s still sleeping, but I’ve ordered Dieselot to watch over him and call us when he wakes. I’d still like to see what more information we can gather from him.”

Within the protection of the inner perimeter, the woodcutter Labs was trying to sleep. With a sigh, he rolled over on the hard ground, and cursed as another pebble dug into his back. He shivered in the cold night air, his breath condensing with each heave of his chest. Finally, with a huff, the woodcutter finally accepted the inevitable. He was going to have to relieve himself.

Wrapping his blanket around his shoulders, he grumbled himself to his feet, and strolled in the direction of the camp latrine. The going was slow, as every few seconds he was forced to pick his way between the various prone bodies of the slumbering dwarves. Passing a lone sentry in the darkness, he nodded to the dwarf before moving onwards. The guard merely inclined his head towards Labs and sighed, a deep rush of air moving from his lungs.

Finally and with great relief, Labs arrived at the latrine, and set about performing his business. After several moments, he looked up and was surprised to find that the sentry had followed him. The soldier now stood motionless several paces away, watching him silently.

"Diesalot, is that you?" Labs asked, recognising the dwarf from his shape in the damp fog. The soldier hissed quietly in response, and tilted his head in a strangely unnatural pose.

"Can't a dwarf pee in peace?" Labs demanded. "Bugger off and leave me be."

Diesalot began to move towards him. Not in the slow deliberate manner of a military dwarf on patrol, Labs thought to himself. No, more in the slow deliberate manner of somebody wanting to eat his brains.

"Oh sod," Labs exclaimed, before scrabbling to do up his trousers. Picking up a nearby length of branch, he swung it at the dead dwarf. "Wake up!" He shouted. "We've got zombies!"

Diesalot lumbered forward, his feet scraping an unnatural rhythm on the dusty ground. His mouth opened in a sickening parody of a grimace and he moaned an unearthly sound. He raised his arms to reach out and grab for Labs, who hefted the tree branch like an axe.

"You want my tasty flesh?" Labs asked, pacing backwards from the zombie. "Well you're going to have to come get them. It'll take more than a deadite to bring me down." He took several steps backwards, before hearing an unpleasant squelch. He looked down to find his left foot in the latrine.

"Now look what you've made me go and do," he complained, before charging forward at the undead.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 12, 2009, 03:29:21 am**

Author's Note:

The fate of Diesalot was fixed from the beginning. He was always going to end up a dead dwarf, the only question was how. I am actually quite surprised that he lasted this long frankly.

At least now he gets to un-live on forever, that is unless someone cuts off his head, or he rots, or he freezes, or he gets set on fire.

Diesalot, RIP.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 12, 2009, 03:48:52 am**

Heh. Irony kills.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Dante`** on **October 12, 2009, 06:46:49 am**

You could do both, Dump alcohol on him wwait for him to freeze light him on fire then chop his head off. FTW.

RIP sir diesalot.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **October 12, 2009, 10:08:04 am**

Heh, I laughed at the squelch. Nice update. :)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **October 12, 2009, 04:31:48 pm**

i want dwarfy :3

a worker with a dark background and who hides his artifact micricline amulet under his shirt. he is beardless due to a bad experiance with a pyromancer and is always cleaned shaven. has great martial arts skills and is extremly professional with the obsidian saber he keeps concieled under his cloak. he is keeps to himself and rarely talks. he has a vertical gash on his left eye but his eye is in perfect condition. he usually sits brooding and will sometimes harvest certain plants for maliucios uses (hopefully as fatal poison on his saber). he was an ex member of a fort that was rumoured to have found adamantine and returns any inquiry with a flash of his dagger in the cuff of his sleeve to warn them to never ask again. ever.

i hope that isn't too much of a request :)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **October 12, 2009, 07:43:03 pm**

A dwarf without a beard?!?! BLASPHEMEY!!! >:(

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **October 12, 2009, 08:13:34 pm**

Now, now, Labs, accidents happen. We can't all be Ironblood.

I'm guessing the human was infected.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Dante`** on **October 12, 2009, 08:30:05 pm**

I'm guessing it was the beardless 'dwarf' that did it... ELF IN HIDING TIE HIM TO THE BACK OF THE WAGON AND LETS DRAG HIM TO THE SITE!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **October 12, 2009, 08:51:05 pm**

Quick! Dip him in magma! If Armok truly knows he is not an Elf but is in fact a Dwarf, he will not burn in Armok's blood! :o

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **October 12, 2009, 08:57:33 pm**

Problem: Elves don't like obsidian weapons (wood handles). Herbs for poison, though . . . suspicious.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **October 13, 2009, 05:50:35 am**

Quote from: LegoLord on October 12, 2009, 08:57:33 pm
Problem: Elves don't like obsidian weapons (wood handles). Herbs for poison, though . . . suspicious.

tis the dark side of plant gathering :3

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Teach** on **October 13, 2009, 05:47:23 pm**

Poor diesalot :P
Guess he had it coming.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Servu** on **October 14, 2009, 12:31:56 pm**

I'm hyped up about the next update already.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Outcast Orange** on **October 14, 2009, 11:56:44 pm**

That read left me refreshed.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 15, 2009, 02:55:16 am**

Deep within his obsidian fortress, the demon Nganuz had awakened and his mood was not a pleasant one. Sat atop a throne of bronze, his pointed ears twitched as he listened to discouraging reports from his goblin army. Every few moments, his talons would rap impatiently on the rests of his throne, and his temper would rise another couple of notches. Either side of his great throne stood two statues of bronze warriors, stolen relics from fallen civilizations.

Finally, he leaned forward and fixed the prostrate goblin with two glowing silver eyes. A reptilian tongue flickered over razor sharp fangs, and he hissed softly.

"Answer me this," he finally spoke, his deep voice reverberating through the skulls of his servants. "You were given one task before I slept. To secure my domains, and expand them. Instead, you have lost land to the humans, numerous forces to the elves, and finally you tell me my southern fortress was undermined by dwarves and dropped into a chasm?"

The goblin warchief stuttered momentarily, seeking desperately for some good news with which to appease his master. After a moment, he stopped, and lowered his head in shame. "I have failed you sire."

Nganuz rose from his throne in one fluid movement and landed mere inches from the goblin's face. The goblin stared deep into the demon's silver stare, and could see his own terrified visage reflected back at him. "Yes," Nganuz replied. "You have failed me. I hope your replacement will achieve more."

He stepped backwards, and the goblin felt a strange sensation in his stomach. Looking down with confusion, he saw five razor sharp claws slowly being withdrawn from his torso, coated in a thick layer of blood. The demon lifted his talon, and his long forked tongue licked at the miasmic coating. Understanding came moments later to the goblin, a mere second before he fell to the stone floor.

A servant stepped forward, head bowed low to the floor, unwilling to meet the eyes of the demon.

"Should I clear the remains from your presence old one?" the goblin asked.

Nganuz shook his pointed skull. "I have not eaten in a year. I will dispose of it myself." He paused at the thought. Goblin meat was hardly pleasant fare even to a demon. "Find me some more meat from the prison stock, and bring it to my chambers, I have a desire to feast." He paused once again. "And find me a new goblin warchief."

"As you wish." The servant stepped backwards, and was again lost to the shadows.

Nganuz turned, and for a moment froze stock still, deep in thought. Finally, he nodded to himself.

"I will need messengers to spread the news of my awakening," he soliloquised. "But where would I find them?"

Moments later, he lifted his head, and his eyes fell upon the two bronze statues either side of the throne.

"Yes," he hissed. "That will do nicely."

He stepped forward and withdrew from his cloak a small canopic vase, which seemed to glow with an inner light. He lowered it to the floor delicately and stroked its exterior with a surprisingly delicate touch.

"Awaken, my child. It is time for you to go to work."

The vase vibrated gently on the stone floor, and the seal on the lid sprang backwards with a sudden snap. The lid flew back, and a burst of flame sprang forth from the depths of the jar. The fire rose with acrid smoke and the stench of sulphur, forming a roughly humanoid shape. Within moments, a being of living fire blazed in front of Nganuz, filling the chamber with a blinding light. Within the flames, two eyes burned like suns, and were fixed on the great demon before it.

Nganuz pointed a slender claw towards one of the bronze statues. "Wear your armour with pride. Go forth, and spread the word of my awakening."

The fire demon span in the air scattering sparkles of light, as the dust around it burst into flame. It rushed forward, and enveloped the statue within a corona of blinding light. Finally, and abruptly, the light vanished, plunging the chamber back into the semi-darkness of torchlight. The demon had vanished.

Seconds later, a faint yellow glow arose in the eyes of the bronze statue. With a metallic creak, the head turned slowly to survey the room. The statue stepped ponderously forward, a little unsteady as the piloting demon found its way within the bronze shell. The stone tiles under its metal feet split and cracked as the weight of the statue fell upon them. Gaining confidence, the golem reached slowly over

its shoulder, and withdrew a heavy bronze sword. It creaked again with the sound of stretching metal, as the bronze figurine finally stood to attention before Nganuz.

“Go forth, my bronze colossus,” the demon ordered.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 15, 2009, 03:05:26 am**

Authors Note: Stardate, 8:55

Well it's about bloody time Nganuz got out of bed, I mean it's only been 11 pages. I mean seriously.

I must say, it's great to finally be able to introduce him to everybody. He was my first ever HFS encounter within Dwarf Fortress, so he'll always hold a special place in my heart.

And a double hooray for having the opportunity to have both a spirit of fire and a bronze colossus in the same update. Ok, so I took a few liberties with magic and possession, but who knows what the future of dwarf fortress will bring.

About now it's probably time to mention something about size. I thought long and hard about how I'd reconcile one tile creatures with a fantasy domain, then I thought to myself, it doesn't have to be big to be terrifying. Thus the bronze colossus is merely an animated statue, standing about 8 ft tall. Though to be fair, that is pretty colossal to a dwarf.

But then I also remember I've already introduced a giant earlier in the story, and think what the hell, why am I even worried about this?

Poor Labs, I've just realised he's had his foot in the latrine for about three days now.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **October 15, 2009, 03:07:41 am**

I really liked your explanation of the bronze colossus. It should be quite fun in an update or two :)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 15, 2009, 06:00:46 am**

Or, just do a back-in-time!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **October 20, 2009, 10:48:57 am**

Apologies to everybody following this story.

A few days ago I contracted what the doctors like to call 'suspected swine flu', as in I've probably got it, but they'd rather I stayed away from the surgery lest I infect anyone elderly. It's left me about as weak as a small child, with a pounding headache, and lost me my voice. I've been ordered to bed for a week, which is nice enough, but the fact that staring at a monitor for anything more than ten minutes makes the headache worse means I'm not really in much of a writing mood right now.

Hopefully I should have this damned killer bug shifted in a few more days, and I can get back to work. In the meantime I recommend you dive into the many other fine tales out there.

CM

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Typoman** on **October 20, 2009, 05:35:28 pm**

that sucks :(
hope you get better quickly :)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **October 20, 2009, 06:12:50 pm**

Yeah, it's not pleasant.

Get well soon!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **October 20, 2009, 06:27:50 pm**

Tell them - no, show them - you're writing an awesome story. They'll have to treat you.

But yeah, that sucks. Get well soon!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **October 20, 2009, 11:31:40 pm**

Get better. Otherwise I shall have an irresistable urge to kill off Cirius the Archbishop.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **October 21, 2009, 02:29:59 pm**

Aww man, that sucks. Get well or else. ;D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **October 21, 2009, 07:02:14 pm**

Get well soon, i really like your story. ;)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **November 06, 2009, 11:36:49 pm**

Bump for the greater good!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **November 07, 2009, 12:22:47 am**

... I think he's dead. Please don't be dead.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **martinuazz** on **November 07, 2009, 01:33:37 pm**

I think you're being overly pessimistic. Please don't be a pessimist. ;)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **November 07, 2009, 01:57:09 pm**

OH MY GOD DO NOT BE DEAD!

i didnt even think of that...

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **November 07, 2009, 04:48:02 pm**

What are the chances he's dead?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **November 07, 2009, 07:10:03 pm**

Well the mortality rate for swine flu is about 1%.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Servu** on **November 16, 2009, 12:56:41 pm**

So Cirius is dead now? What a downer.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **November 16, 2009, 01:57:02 pm**

Quote from: Servu on November 16, 2009, 12:56:41 pm

So Cirius is dead now? What a downer.

Heh.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 17, 2009, 03:48:01 am**

Brains...

Sorry, no, I'm not dead. Even now I am sat at my desk churning out the next installment of Spiritwood. Needless to say it has not been a pleasant few weeks, forgive me if I don't go into the rather unpleasant details. I'm still not 100%, so don't expect a work of brilliance, but I should be ok enough to churn out at least something vaguely readable.

Should have an update for you in an hour or so, I'm feeling a little sorry for Labs though, as he's now had his foot in that latrine for almost a month.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 17, 2009, 04:14:15 am**

The camp was in utter turmoil. The darkness was illuminated in spots by hastily lit torches that threw an ominous red glow on the dwarves fighting for their very lives. Diesalot may have been the first to fall to the curse of the undead, but the plague had already spread with rapidity. Before Labs was able to raise the alarm, over a dozen slumbering dwarves had been infected, and their irrational hunger was hurling them against a hastily erected defensive line. The casualties were not however all the work of the dead. An unfortunately lethargic dwarf had arisen amongst the shouting with a deep moan, wondering what on earth all the shouting was about, only to find himself neatly decapitated several moments later by an over-zealous axe-dwarf.

Even Kubluk had found himself forced to hastily draw his blade, as from the shadows a snarling dwarf lunged, its arms outstretched in an unnatural embrace. His skills with the weapon were modest, but sheer adrenaline thrust his blade deep into his assailant’s heart.

“So, how do you feel about that?!” Kubluk shouted in triumph, before sliding his sword out from the wound. The zombie looked down momentarily as a pile of entrails dropped bodily from the gaping hole, before growling once again. Kubluk swore and took a step backwards, once again raising his sword and taking another stab. From over to his right came the familiar voice of Othtar.

“The head you fool, stab him in the head!”

Kubluk cursed his own stupidity, and swung his sword around in an arc that would have impressed Pythagoras himself. Its majestic sweep was however brought to an unfortunate end as the blade ended up wedged in the dead dwarf’s gorget. Kubluk released his grip from the sword and waved his hand furiously in agony, swearing numerous curses at various dwarven deities as he danced in a circle. The undead dwarf looked on with mild curiosity at Kubluk’s dancing antics, uncertain as to whether to continue its assault. Moments later the decision was made for him as a whirling blade from the darkness split his head almost in two.

“Anyone see where my sword went?” came the distant cry of Teach.

As visceral and high budget the combat was, a small group of newly undead dwarves proved no match for the military dwarves that guarded the caravan. Through perseverance, and the usual optimistic dwarven attitude to combat, the defenders finally slaughtered the last of the infected. The survivors gave a ragged cheer, and began to clear the bodies. Within less than a minute, an argument had broken out over who killed who.

Othtar stepped out from the darkness, wiping his blade clean of blood. He nodded to Kubluk, who was still sucking his hand and muttering to himself.

“You’ve the makings of a beserker there my friend,” Othtar chuckled. “If you’re going to scream and swear during combat, you could at least keep fighting whilst you’re doing it.”

Kubluk looked down, where the decimated remains of his recent attacked lay in the dirt.

“Did I do that?” he asked, his memory of the last few minutes a little hazy.

“Teach got in the killing blow, not that he noticed, but you made a pretty good mess of it beforehand.” Othtar remarked. “You’re not a professional soldier yet, but you’ve certainly got something going for you.”

Kubluk finally took a moment to look around. The camp had been utterly wrecked by the combat. Possessions lay strewn across the clearing, a wagon had been toppled onto a deadite, whose legs twitched from underneath. Kubluk sighed.

“How many did we lose?”

“Casualties haven’t been confirmed yet, I’m guessing twenty.” Othtar replied.

“Where did they come from?” Kubluk asked finally. “I thought we had sentries on the perimeter all night.”

“That human we brought with us. He must have hidden a wound from us, turned in his sleep. Dieselot must have gotten too close, and ended up the carrier.” He paused, and his brow furrowed. Moments later, without a word, the commander turned and began to methodically pick through the debris. Kubluk looked on as Othtar moved quickly around the camp, checking every body he passed.

“What are you looking for?” Kubluk asked.

Othtar looked up, and stared fixedly into Kubluk’s eyes. “The human. His body is not here.”

“He must have wandered off. But that’s good, surely?”

“Depends on where he’s going. He knows where we are.”

Kubluk swore under his breath.

“Time to leave?” he asked.

“Time to run.” Othtar answered. He barked into the night. “Leave the bodies, pack your bags, we’re rolling in five minutes! Grab what you can, leave what you can’t.”

Even as he yelled his orders, from far in the distance an unearthly moan of hundreds of soulless voices rose from the fog. A legion of the dead were approaching.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Servu** on **November 17, 2009, 06:22:45 am**

It's good to have you back.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **November 17, 2009, 06:24:20 am**

See, this is why you don't freak out and assume someone died when they're away for a few weeks.

Good to have you back.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **November 17, 2009, 06:39:57 am**

I will freak out as MUCH as I wish!

I'm really glad you're back Cirius.

I love you.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **November 17, 2009, 06:48:53 am**

He does. I've come to accept he'll never be mine.
:(

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Typoman** on **November 17, 2009, 07:02:55 am**

Great to have you asmong us once more.
can't wait fo rhte next installment. :D

[offtopic]
i wonder if a smiley should imply a period... would be good for those lazy with punctuation like me. :P
[/offtopic]

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Grendus** on **November 17, 2009, 10:55:35 am**

Smart undead. Armok help them.

Glad you're back Cirius.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **November 17, 2009, 01:32:21 pm**

HE LIIIIIVVESSSS! :o :o

Now that thats out of my system, good update man, and welcome back!

HOLY GOD LOOK AT ALL OF THEM!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **November 17, 2009, 04:46:33 pm**

Awesome update! Glad to hear you're on the rise.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 18, 2009, 04:46:20 am**

“Quit your lagging and hitch those blasted wagons!” Othtar yelled across the camp. His admonishments seemed unnecessary, as each and every dwarf in the caravan was industriously scurrying backwards and forwards with something between their arms.

Over the tumultuous din of the camp, the still distant yet gradually approaching moans of the undead filled both the air and the minds of each and every dwarf in the camp.

“Can’t we fight them off?!” Kubluk yelled over to Othtar, even as he dumped yet another load onto a wagon.

“If they fought, we might have a chance,” came the reply. “But deadites don’t stop to swing a sword. They’ll wash over us like a wave on the beach.” He motioned an arm towards the distant sound. “Listen to them, there must be well over a hundred of them. We leave now, and we leave fast! If we hit the ground running we might just make it!”

Othtar looked around him. The work on loading the wagons had begun to slow as the dwarves began to pay more attention to the approaching noise from the darkness. Several of the dwarves were standing motionless, staring into the darkness.

“Don’t you blasted dwarves understand, if you don’t load it, it gets left behind, and I’m not drinking plump helmet brew for the rest of the trip! Get to work!” He yelled.

Deep inside the fog, the legion marched on. They walked slowly, legs dragging every step as if reluctant to continue, but still they came. Both clothing and flesh hung from their bodies like rags, occasionally dispensing a fragment to the ground as they stepped onwards. Their voices were individually quiet, little more than a sigh as air slid out from their useless lungs, but together filled the air with a sound of soulful regret and hunger. In the distance, the sounds of the camp acted as a magnet to the horde, pulling them inexorably closer.

At their head, a lone figure walked, concealed beneath a monk's habit. His gait was still unsteady, but clearly under more control than the shambling horde that followed him. Beneath a raised hood, his eyes burned with a fierce hunger and fury.

In the corner of the camp, Labs, whilst leaning over to lift a barrel, cursed as a bolt of pain shot through his arm. He stood up slowly, and cautiously rolled up his sleeve. Upon his outstretched limb lay a set of vicious looking teeth marks, surrounded by an unpleasant amount of ooze. Looking around quickly to see if anyone had noticed, he wrapped the wound with a scrap of cloth before concealing it once again under his shirt.

“Labs, there’ll be time for rest later, grab that barrel and get to work!”

“Aye, I’m coming.”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 18, 2009, 04:49:57 am**

Author's Note:

A short update, for which I apologise, but I'd rather keep the momentum going as things heat up a little for the dwarves. Also, I thought a pause might be necessary after revealing that Labs has taken a bite.

Does anyone else love zombies as much as I do? Bless their shambling little non-beating hearts.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Typoman** on **November 18, 2009, 05:53:05 am**

totally what a lot of people would do.(re: labs) i'd like to think i'd off myself in that situation, i highly doubt i'll ever find out though. should make for an interesting slog, keep up the good work!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **November 18, 2009, 06:23:14 am**

I like it. I like it a lot. And Labs is dead too... Damn.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 18, 2009, 07:20:47 am**

Labs isn't dead. At least not yet. I suppose he could lop his arm off, but that would hurt like hell. But then he is a dwarf.

I wish I knew what was going to happen to Labs, but that would imply I somehow had control over his fate.

Oh, wait.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Servu** on **November 18, 2009, 08:49:33 am**

Well I assume my character got through this undead episode just fine, though it's hard to tell.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Grendus** on **November 18, 2009, 09:40:24 am**

If I was bitten, I dunno what I'd do. Probably hack off the bitten arm for starters, then give someone orders to kill me if I turned. I'd put up with being nicknamed Lefty rather than Braaaaaaaaaaains.

Damn, this makes me wish that zombies had been fully implemented. I don't think they're coming next version either, sadly.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **November 18, 2009, 12:04:37 pm**

I (Falk) probably would have pincushioned a zombie with bolts and then run away..

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 18, 2009, 05:14:48 pm**

Yes, in hindsight I should have taken a little more time over the encounter and covered a few more of the named dwarfs, but I wanted to get the ball rolling again, so the quality of the writing suffered a little. We'll just assume that none of the victims were named dwarves, Dieselot aside, as I at least would have mentioned it in passing. When I go back over this chapter to clean it up I think I'll lengthen the battle scene a little more. Anyway, this isn't the last time we'll see the zombies, so there's plenty of time for everyone else to die...

As for the implementation of the zombie virus, I suppose it all depends on how contagions are implemented. Toady already mentioned in one of the podcasts how a '28 days later' model could theoretically be possible, so fingers crossed for the possibility of a zombie plague.

You'd cut off your arm? I can't honestly say I'd be brave enough to do that. I'd probably gibber in terror until I died, or try and hide it like Labs, but I can't honestly say I'd be able to do it myself. I might ask someone else to do it, I suppose, but can't really imagine bringing that up in conversation.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **November 18, 2009, 06:39:39 pm**

We weren't criticising you for not mentioning our characters, we were just having some fun imagining what happened in the battle :)

It's still really good to read, please continue.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Servu** on **November 18, 2009, 06:49:07 pm**

Quote from: Thief^ on November 18, 2009, 06:39:39 pm
We weren't criticising you for not mentioning our characters, we were just having some fun imagining what happened in the battle :)

It's still really good to read, please continue.

This is all true.

What comes to zombie infections, I guess I would first wait a little while to make sure I have the infection, then probably do the old traditional Finnish axe-to-head suicide. Though I might ask for someone else to do it for me, since the method has a chance of not killing on the first try.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **November 18, 2009, 10:03:12 pm**

Quote from: Servu on November 18, 2009, 06:49:07 pm
What comes to zombie infections, I guess I would first wait a little while to make sure I have the infection, then probably do the old traditional Finnish axe-to-head suicide. Though I might ask for someone else to do it for me, since the method has a chance of not killing on the first try.

Yeah, I can see doing it yourself having a chance of just making things worse.

Me, I'd probably panic and start trying to find a cure for the thing. Without any sort of method. Cause I'm, you know, panicking.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **November 18, 2009, 10:34:44 pm**

Oh nice. I just get back from 2 weeks of Australia and Terry Pratchett only to find out I'm a zombie in this story. I'm still loving it though.
;D I say you lop off his arm. :P

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **November 18, 2009, 11:05:59 pm**

OFF WITH HIS ARM!

In this case being the more merciful fate.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **November 19, 2009, 03:07:31 am**

I doubt it would help. First, I'd slice up the wound, and cut out all of the bite mark, etc - Just in case it spreads like a contagion.

Then... I'd probably tell everyone.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 19, 2009, 03:27:51 am**

Quote from: Servu on November 18, 2009, 06:49:07 pm
What comes to zombie infections, I guess I would first wait a little while to make sure I have the infection, then probably do the old traditional Finnish axe-to-head suicide. Though I might ask for someone else to do it for me, since the method has a chance of not killing on the first try.

And the prize for the most unpleasant image to wake up to goes to Servu with his unsuccessful self decapitation.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Servu** on **November 19, 2009, 04:07:55 am**

Quote from: Cirius on November 19, 2009, 03:27:51 am
Quote from: Servu on November 18, 2009, 06:49:07 pm
What comes to zombie infections, I guess I would first wait a little while to make sure I have the infection, then probably do the old traditional Finnish axe-to-head suicide. Though I might ask for someone else to do it for me, since the method has a chance of not killing on the first try.

And the prize for the most unpleasant image to wake up to goes to Servu with his unsuccessful self decapitation.

Thank you! Thank you! *bows*

Edit: Yeah, that stuff ain't pretty. Have heard some pretty gruesome stories, but it really is part of the charm. If you gotta go, why not leave a lasting impression? (Plus axes are more readily available than guns/etc.)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 19, 2009, 05:01:05 am**

The dwarven caravan rolled out of camp in a cloud of dust, leaving a scattered pile of debris, abandoned barrels, several broken wagons and a number of dead dwarves in their wake. At the head of the caravan, Tacken urged his wagon faster and faster as they bounced ferociously over the rough surface of the roadway. Whilst the fog had lifted slightly, visibility was still poor, and his eyes were narrow as he peered into the darkness.

“Come on you damned mules,” he shouted. “I have no intention of being lunch for a hungry deadite!”

On the back of the wagon, Kubluk held desperately onto the wagon alongside Othtar.
“See anything?” He asked the commander, who was scanning the darkness either side of the wagon with a practised eye.

“They’re certainly out there. Hundreds of the buggers. Just stood there, watching us. It’s like they’re playing with us.”

“Think we’ll get through?”

“Depends if they’ve had time to circle round us.”

As if in response to his statement, Tacken yanked back on the reins, pulling the wagon to a swift halt. Somewhat inevitably, from further back down the caravan line came a crunch, and several angry shouts.

“What is it?” Kubluk asked.

“They’re lined across the road ahead of us.” Tacken replied. “It looks like we’re going nowhere.”

Othtar turned to Kubluk. “We can try to run them down, but if we get bogged now, we’re toast.”

Kubluk paused, staring into the darkness. “We’re dwarves,” he said finally. It was enough.

“Right you lot,” Othtar’s voice detonated into the darkness. “Grab yourself a weapon, a pick, or a kitchen utensil. Line yourselves up out front, military dwarves to the front. We’re not getting out of this one without some bruises.”

With an element of both practised discipline and some pushing and shoving, within less than a minute the dwarves assembled into a rough defensive line. To their surprise, the hordes of the undead had not moved the entire time.

“What are they waiting for?” Kubluk finally asked.

“Dwarfmen!”

An unpleasant slither of a voice echoed across the intervening distance between the two lines. From the lines of the dead, a pair of rotting humans parted ranks to allow the sinister speaker to step forward. A monk, or at least the remains of one. His habit was torn and coated in mud, and his flesh hung in chunks from his body. Unlike the rest of the dead, he held himself firmly upright, his body held in strict self-control. He stood motionless, his eyes scanning the ranks of the dwarves with distaste and rancour.

“Dwarfmen,” he repeated, raising an skeletal arm with next to no flesh to point in their direction. “My name is Bonegrave, and these are my lands. And these,” he continued, waving his arm to encompass the assembled masses of the undead, “are my legion of the damned. And you,” he continued to continue, “will join them. Who speaks for your number?”

Kubluk looked up at Othtar stood beside him, who to his surprise was staring straight back at him. The muscular commander nodded to him, and motioned him forward.

Kubluk coughed in the silence, and took a deep breath.

“I am Kubluk Taniden,” he squeaked. “And I speak for the dwarves.”

Bonegrave’s snickering laughter filled the air. “You are no leader little dwarf,” the monk replied. “You tremble at my name. I am Bonegrave, the leader of the dead, fiend of the damned. My reign of terror has spanned fifty years. I slew Mizbo Masteredlengths the hero of the humans, I consumed the flesh of Urist McDwarf, I devoured the elven riders of the east, and I survived the heart of Boatmurdered. Bow before me!”

Kubluk furrowed his brow, and felt his cheeks reddening. Despite the terrifying circumstances, he could feel his temper running away with him. He flung down his pack and shook his fist furiously.

“I am Kubluk Taniden of the clan Taniden! My father was the miner Odthist Taniden, slayer of, of orthoclase and granite, and we stand against you. These lands are free lands, and we are free dwarves!”

Bonegrave laughed once again. “Perhaps I was wrong little dwarf. You speak with words of strength. Your fate will be long and agonising.”

Kubluk’s anger was reaching boiling point. “And your fate will be arduous and dull!” he found himself replying. “Until we kill you!”

“We will add your number to our own.” Bonegrave snarled. “You will serve me in death and beyond. Your women and young will serve as our feast tonight.”

Kubluk paused, considering his response. “No we won’t!” he finally yelled back, instantly regretting it. “I mean,” he added, “we will crush your bones to pave our road!” Yes, that sounded better.

The dwarves were becoming restless. They were not used to any pre-battle discussions beyond “charge!” Finally, from the ranks of the dwarves the quiet voice of Servu could be heard muttering to the dwarf beside him, almost under his breath.

“Wind speed, less than a knot...adjust for terrain...angle ten degrees...aye that should do it.”

A silvery shape leapt from their number, and danced into the air in a smooth parabola. Bonegrave looked up with mild interest at the flicker of light in the moonlight. Living and dead alike felt their eyes drawn to the mysterious object as it span through the air. The dead monk narrowed his eyes. “What sorcery is this?” he muttered.

Moments later, his head was split like a pumpkin by the expert signature throw of the Courageous Bolt’s blind swordthrower, Teach.

Silence ruled the land, as the ranks of the living and dead stared as one as Bonegrave slumped lifelessly into the ground, Teach’s sword protruding vertically from his corpse. Within the ranks, Servu nodded to himself in satisfaction.

“What a great pansy!” Teach shouted from the ranks. “Can we kill the rest o’ them yet?”

With a unified moan, the undead surged forward.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Typoman** on **November 19, 2009, 07:14:27 am**

haha love it!
should be an interesting battle.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **November 19, 2009, 04:40:38 pm**

uhhhh could i have that dwarf i requested please :P

and awesome story dude :D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **x2yzh9** on **November 19, 2009, 05:18:03 pm**

I'd like a dwarf, too.

Mason Za'kar. Preferably male.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Grendus** on **November 19, 2009, 08:09:00 pm**

Quote from: Cirius on November 18, 2009, 05:14:48 pm

You'd cut off your arm? I can't honestly say I'd be brave enough to do that. I'd probably gibber in terror until I died, or try and hide it like Labs, but I can't honestly say I'd be able to do it myself. I might ask someone else to do it, I suppose, but can't really imagine bringing that up in conversation.

Apply a tourniquet, tell someone you've been bitten and to make sure you don't start bleeding like mad, chug a ton of booze, and grab an axe. Look, if you're bitten you're screwed anyways, if amputation was the only way to survive I'd put up with missing an arm. Better one armed than with brains on the brain.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **KenboCalrissian** on **November 19, 2009, 09:08:41 pm**

I'm loving this! I'm only up to page 2 so far, but I'm reading up on it in a hurry. I like your narrative style!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 20, 2009, 04:05:33 am**

Welcome aboard KenboCalrissian! Any relative to Lando? Hope you enjoy the show.

Incidentally, happy 200th post to Labs, who I seem to have rewarded by damning him to wander the earth for eternity in search of flesh to devour. Let his post be added to the adamantine engravings!

These are a collection of adamantine posts. All craftsdwarfship is of the highest quality. They are studded with epic and encircled with bands of win.

On the image are the words,

Quote from: Haspen on October 05, 2009, 04:27:50 am

I'm so loving this story *grabs popcorn*

Quote from: Labs on November 18, 2009, 10:34:44 pm

Oh nice. I just get back from 2 weeks of Australia and Terry Pratchett only to find out I'm a zombie in this story. I'm still loving it though. ;D I say you lop off his arm. :P

Somewhat conveniently, both the 100th and 200th posts have been complimentary. Here's hoping 300 will be utterly irrelevant, perhaps an engraving of some cheese?

Incidentally, I owe the existence of Bonegrave to rickvoid, who stumbled across the name in worldgen back in April. I noticed the post the other day, and felt any description that awesome deserved a cameo. It is only now I notice that Bonegrave was supposed to be female. Ah well.

Quote from: rickvoid on April 25, 2009, 02:06:10 pm

Egngun Bonegrave the Ruthless Fiend of Terrors.

Read that line again.
Shudder.

She was a member of the Civs The Helmed Sin and The Artificial Fiend. (Both of which are also fairly awesome names.)
Her home was the Dark Tower Whisperdread.
She had 246 kills to her name, in a reign of terror spanning 96 years, before she was slain by the Human hero Mizbo Masteredlengths.

As for dwarf requests, by glancing over at the spreadsheet, I figure I'm about a third of the way through Spiritwood. Many of the dwarves that have yet to appear have been woodcutters and other civilians, who, as Tacken mentioned a while back, will begin to have a bigger role once the woodwork actually starts. If your request hasn't appeared yet, he'll probably wander through later on, probably hauling lumber.

Incidentally, I've just noticed that the word incidentally has a habit of poking its way into my posts rather frequently.

I've just spent a difficult minute trying to figure out what sound a frying pan makes after hitting a zombie. Thus is life.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **November 20, 2009, 04:24:39 am**

Quote from: Cirius on November 20, 2009, 04:05:33 am

I've just spent a difficult minute trying to figure out what sound a frying pan makes after hitting a zombie. Thus is life.

Left 4 Dead 2 would make good research for that :)
I vote "pwang".

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Typoman** on **November 20, 2009, 06:00:38 am**

Quote from: Thief^ on November 20, 2009, 04:24:39 am

Quote from: Cirius on November 20, 2009, 04:05:33 am

I've just spent a difficult minute trying to figure out what sound a frying pan makes after hitting a zombie. Thus is life.

Left 4 Dead 2 would make good research for that :)
I vote "pwang".

yeah if it's one of those pansy aluminium ones

A proper cast iron fryingpan would make more of a thud with a bit of thonk and a lot of crunch (skull cave-in) mixed in.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Grendus** on **November 20, 2009, 08:40:49 pm**

Quote from: Cirius on November 20, 2009, 04:05:33 am

I've just spent a difficult minute trying to figure out what sound a frying pan makes after hitting a zombie. Thus is life.

What's it made of? Steel would just go thunk, while brass would definitely go pwang. Aluminum would probably go thunk because it would immediately bend, aluminum makes crap weapons.

I vote "thunk" with a hideous "slish" or "crunch" of zombie bone.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 21, 2009, 03:56:07 am**

I knew I should have made this into a mini-competition!

Due to work and christmassy commitments, next update will most likely be Monday. To tie you over till then, here's a picture of me as a pirate.



Yarr, I be quizzical.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **November 21, 2009, 01:25:51 pm**

:P ginger beard for the win lol

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **November 22, 2009, 07:24:34 am**

If it was **my** frying pan, it would be a genuine *Crong*.

I use nothing but inch-thick steel.

Tacken McButcher - cos if you can't rely on a bullet-proof frying pan, what can you?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **November 23, 2009, 12:39:02 am**

Quote from: Tack on November 22, 2009, 07:24:34 am
Tacken McButcher - cos if you can't rely on a bullet-proof frying pan, what can you?

a 40mm shell-proof and magma-proof frying pan perhaps?

annihilating everything with a *<*adamantine frying pan*>* :P

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **November 23, 2009, 12:20:03 pm**

Quote from: skaltum on November 23, 2009, 12:39:02 am
annihilating everything with a *<*adamantine frying pan*>* :P

It menaces with spikes of bacon grease.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **November 23, 2009, 12:25:29 pm**

And has an image on it of sausages in sausage.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **addictgamer** on **November 23, 2009, 04:24:38 pm**

My dwarf wants to join in this mess.

Male would be great.
Profession: Create a new custom profession called Sailor, if you can. If not, I'll take engineer.
Name: Chief LOL
Little Background: Has a disease that causes uncontrollable loling (laughing out loud) at the most inconvenient times.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **November 23, 2009, 05:43:17 pm**

uhhh sorry to be buggy but heres my request from i think last month

Quote from: skaltum on October 12, 2009, 04:31:48 pm
i want dwarfy :3

a worker with a dark background and who hides his artifact micricline amulet under his shirt. he is beardless due to a bad experiance with a pyromancer and is always cleaned shaven. has great martial arts skills and is extremly professional with the obsidian saber he keeps concieled under his cloak. he is keeps to himself and rarely talks. he has a vertical gash on his left eye but his eye is in perfect condition. he usually sits brooding and will sometimes harvest certain plants for maliucios uses (hopefully as fatal poison on his saber). he was an ex member of a fort that was rumoured to have found adamantine and returns any inquiry with a flash of his dagger in the cuff of his sleeve to warn them to never ask again. ever.

i hope that isn't too much of a request :)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **November 24, 2009, 07:10:40 pm**

Bump, because i like to read about zombie-pwnage.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 26, 2009, 04:08:47 am**

The sound of over a hundred dwarves fighting with swords, axes and cutlery against a partially rotten enemy is not a particularly pleasant one. For every clash of steel against steel there was a countering echo of squelching flesh, marked by the occasional noteworthy clonk of an overzealous dwarf wielding a frying pan.

The two lines of the living and the dead had predictably shattered on impact, and any illusion of orderly disciplined combat had quickly gone out the window when the dwarves had started using each-other as melee weaponry. Within the carnage, small pockets of dwarves had formed against the overwhelming numbers of the undead, tight clusters of dwarves with the exception of several eager individuals who danced through the throng, weapons whirling ferociously. Despite the confusion, everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves.

“Are we winning?” Kubluk shouted against the noise.

“Who cares?!” remarked a nearby dwarf, knocking a zombie back with a well timed blow from a ladle.

“Well we can’t stay here all day,” Kubluk shouted back. “We’re on a tight schedule here!”

Meanwhile, amidst the chaos, Labs was fighting for his life against a human ghoul. Its head lolled against its shoulder, barely supported by the decaying remains of a neck. Drool sprayed from its gaping mouth as it advanced, its sole remaining eye fixed unmoving on the dwarf before it. Every few moments it would lunge towards the dwarf with a wailing groan, only to be beaten back by a ferocious waving axe. The weapon was dealing great damage to the undead beast, but the dwarf was struggling to achieve a killing blow.

As the beast lunged forward again, Labs stepped back only to feel his skin shiver as he bumped into someone. He span, raising his blade, and with relief recognised Falk, one of the younger military dwarves. The young crossbowman had abandoned his weapon in favour of a shovel, which he gripped firmly in both hands.

“I’ve got you covered!” shouted the young dwarf, planting himself firmly alongside Labs.

The woodcutter turned with relief and was just in time to beat back a furious swipe by his assailant. “I’m not dying today!” he shouted, before dealing a massive blow that almost tore the zombie in half. It crumpled to the floor and for a moment was still, before an arm of shattered bone began to reach towards the victorious dwarf.

“Do you things ever stop?” Labs muttered, before stepping forward and bringing down his axe in a final sweep, smashing the skull.

Behind him, a cry of desperation caused him to spin around. The young Falk had fallen to the ground and was struggling to regain his feet as the undead swarmed over him. Labs raised his axe and snarled.

“Not today, my emaciated brethren!” he yelled, and charged forward into the throng. The beasts scattered to several swings of his axe, forming sufficient space for the unfortunate Falk to regain his footing.

“I owe you,” the young dwarf breathed in appreciation as Labs pulled him back onto his feet.

“I’ll be having your drinks ration then,” Labs laughed, before raising his blade once again above his shoulder.

“Labs!” Falk cried, pointing towards his outstretched arms. The woodcutter looked down, to where his sleeve had rolled back to reveal his previous gangrenous bite.

“You’re bitten!” the young dwarf exclaimed, rage filling his throat. “I killed you!”

“It’s not your fault!” Labs exclaimed, as a wide-eyed Falk backed away from him.

“You saved me, I’m sorry!”

Labs leapt forward as something moved in the shadows behind Falk.

“Stay back!” Falk shouted, lifting his weapon to warn off the infected woodcutter.

“No! Behind you, dumb fool!” Labs exclaimed.

With agonising inevitability, a decaying arm wrapped itself around Falk’s torso from behind, yanking him backwards. The young dwarf squealed, at first in fear then in agony as a pair of jagged teeth ripped into his neck, spraying Labs with blood.

The woodcutter staggered back, wiping the blood from his eyes. He looked at Falk, and only gaping dead eyes stared back at him.

“I’m sorry, I really am,” he mumbled, before charging forward with his axe held high.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 26, 2009, 04:15:15 am**

Author's Note:

And so, we wave goodbye to another of our named dwarves. Poor Falk, who had so recently come of age. In his last moments, he at last was able to finally prove himself in combat. He discovered Lab's horrifying secret and feared it was his fault, and now he's lunch.

Poor Falk.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **November 26, 2009, 04:28:35 am**

:'(

Good story though, keep it up!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Servu** on **November 26, 2009, 08:25:58 am**

Carp! I read this page first!

The update was great anyway though. Keep it up!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **November 26, 2009, 11:10:29 am**

Labs is a B.A. ;D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 28, 2009, 03:31:28 am**

On another corner of the battle, the dwarves of the Courageous Bolt had formed a protective circle around Kubluk and Dirulal. The two dwarves were watching with amazement at the methodical destruction being wrought by their protectors. Axes rose and fell as if chopping at nothing more than old wood, and blades whirled constantly in a ferocious wall of moving steel.

Yet still the undead came. Every few moments one would breach their defences and stumble towards the pair, forcing them to fight for their very survival.

“We can’t possibly keep this up all day!” Kubluk shouted to his companion, as he heaved a decayed human into the path of Legon’s passing blade. “We’re going to tire eventually, and the gods only know how many of these beasts there are!”

Legon gutted the zombie and kicked the remains from the end of his blade. “Kubluk’s right sir, we’re taking losses we can’t afford, and time isn’t on our side. The flood isn’t going to wait forever!”

Othtar shouted from a short distance away in response. “I’m open to ideas people. We can’t just abandon the wagons, everything we need is in them!”

Tacken leapt from the battle onto the lead wagon. He planted himself on the bench and grabbed the reins between his hands.

“What are you doing?!” Kubluk shouted towards him.

“I’m doing what I’m paid to do,” he answered. “I’m keeping this train moving!”

“Clear us a path!” he shouted, blowing a deafening whistle from his lips that could be heard over even the clamour of the battle. Slowly, and with a chorus of complaints from the various animals leading the wagons, the caravan clattered into movement.

The Courageous Bolt moved into formation ahead of the lead wagon, battering the undead from its path. Every few moments, one of them would be crushed under the heavy moving wheels of the laden wagons. As the wagon gained speed, the fighting dwarves were forced to increase their pace, until they were moving at a brisk jog. Still they fought on, turning to stab and slice at the undead as they passed.

“Get aboard the wagons!” Othtar shouted to the others.

One by one, the dwarves turned away from the combat and leapt aboard the accelerating caravan. The military dwarves held back, allowing the various civilians time to clamber aboard. The undead attackers fought on aggressively, before noticing the dwarven numbers diminishing as one by one they vanished from their midst.

The Bolt surged forward, smashing a narrow pathway through the lines of the undead. The swarm closed on the wagon with a ferocious determination, but it was too late. With a final shout of victory, the wagons burst from their number, and began to gain speed. Aboard the lead wagon, Tacken hung onto the reins for dear life, the wind rushing through his hair. He laughed loudly, and raised his hat with one hand above his head.

“Yeeeehaaaw!” he yelled.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **November 28, 2009, 05:59:06 am**

yay for zombie-be-gone :P

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **addictgamer** on **November 28, 2009, 12:46:12 pm**

I was hoping for some of the dwarfs to go undead at this point....

Or...There could be an undead civil war later on?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **November 28, 2009, 03:08:26 pm**

I thought that was awesome.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **November 28, 2009, 11:06:14 pm**

That was brilliant. That is now on my list of things to do in the event of Zombie Invasion (with a car, though). Which I didn't have before now.

An old Volvo station wagon would probably do nicely . . .

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **November 29, 2009, 04:55:27 am**

You need to plan a little more. I have cohesive plans in place for zombie outbreaks, alien invasions, military incursions, civil war, and if all else fails I can convert my house into a giant mech at the touch of a button.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **November 29, 2009, 06:09:36 pm**

Quote from: Cirius on November 29, 2009, 04:55:27 am
and if all else fails I can convert my house into a giant mech at the touch of a button.

That sounds like something id try to build ;D.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **November 29, 2009, 07:54:07 pm**

Riding a caravan through a sea of undead, blitzing anything in the path...

Yes... I would definately give a resounding "Yeeehaaaaaw" at that point.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **December 04, 2009, 03:37:02 am**

Sorry for the delay, I should have the next update for you tomorrow. I've been busy on various other writing projects that no matter how long I glare at them refuse to write themselves.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **December 04, 2009, 01:19:09 pm**

No problem, im willing to wait, as long as you dont pull a nist-akath on us.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **December 08, 2009, 04:20:12 am**

Within the space of an hour, the distant moans of the undead subsided into the distance, and the caravan reduced its speed to a crawl. Aboard each wagon, the dwarves were taking stock of their losses. A cursory roll-call of the military dwarves revealed a loss of as dozen, with civilian casualties of at least twenty. The gaps in their numbers were evident from the unattended packs laying abandoned.

Within the silence and privacy of a covered wagon, Labs sat shielding himself from the scrutiny of the others. The dwarf instinctively scratched at his wounded arm, and cursed to himself as he felt a sliver of flesh peel away. He knew he should stop, but the infernal itching was driving him crazy. And the cold, the deep penetrating cold that had spread from his arm throughout his whole body. He shivered involuntarily, and wrapped his blanket tighter around him.

Aboard the lead wagon, Legon spat into the road. "Those damned deadites. You should have let us finish them off!" he growled accusingly at Kubluk. The unwilling leader of the expedition looked startled, and stammered for a response.

"But, we were losing. We needed to escape..." he finally answered.

"We're dwarves," Legon snapped. "We don't run from anyone. And you made us run."

"If we'd stayed, we'd have all died for nothing!" Kubluk snapped. "You agreed with me at the time! You said we should run!"

"Then I was wrong," Legon growled. "We should have stayed and fought!"

Othtar leaned over from the other side, and placed a large hand with affection on Legon's shoulder. "Calm yourself Legon, Kubluk didn't make us run away. He is a true dwarf, and he led us courageously into the battle." He grinned, and waved his other hand to encompass their surroundings. "It's not his fault the deadites were too slow to follow us here."

Legon looked around the wagons at the empty plain. The landscape was undisturbed, and swayed gently in the breeze. In the distance, a gull cried.

"The Battle of the Silent Plains," he nodded to himself, finally satisfied. "Let it be remembered to history as the first fight in which the dwarves were the only side courageous enough to take part."

He raised his axe above his head, and bellowed a battle cry into the silence.

"Courage and honour!"

Tacken snapped at the reins, and the wagons increased speed to a gallop. Aboard the wagons, soldier and civilian alike clung to their perches as the dwarves rode into battle against their absent opponent.

High above them atop the distant cliffs of the Crevice of Orbs, a lone rider sat astride a powerful black horse, watching the charge of the dwarves with a faint smile of amusement. He brushed a silver hair from his eyes, and tucked it behind his tall slender ear.

"There you are," the elven rider quietly remarked to himself, before gently steering his mount away from the cliffside.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **December 08, 2009, 11:32:37 am**

awesome ;D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **December 08, 2009, 11:43:25 am**

Quote from: skaltum on December 08, 2009, 11:32:37 am

awesome ;D

I second that emoticon.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **December 08, 2009, 04:40:30 pm**

Man. Poor Labs. Just wondering what will be his fate is driving me nuts.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **December 12, 2009, 04:35:02 am**

Coming soon:

What will happen to poor Labs? Have the dwarves heard the last of the undead? Who is that strange elf on the hillside? The answers to all of these questions, or less, in the next exciting update to Spiritwood.

The next update will be feature length, as I want to cover specific ground in one massive post. I'm in Nottingham for a few days, so don't lose heart if it takes me a few days to get it out there.

In other news, 20,000 words! I guess it's time for another packet of biscuits...

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Glacies** on **December 14, 2009, 03:54:42 am**

Cool story, bro.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **December 14, 2009, 05:37:20 am**

Oy! *Pack that shit in.*

This is assuming you're using the 'cool story, bro' meme in the way it's intended.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **December 14, 2009, 05:46:12 am**

For reference: <http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=cool%20story%20bro>

I, on the other hand, appreciate being told why there is a delay in this awesome story.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **December 14, 2009, 05:48:26 am**

My internet is working diabolically slowly, and the link won't open, but just so you know, I'm working off the idea that 'cool story, bro' is meant as sarcasm and an insult.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **December 14, 2009, 05:49:48 am**

Yes, that's the gist of it. I linked for the benefit of Glacies, if he didn't know what he was doing, or anyone else who reads this that happened not to know.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Teach** on **December 17, 2009, 05:02:56 am**

Excellent.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **December 22, 2009, 03:04:00 pm**

OH COME ON, THIS ISNT DEAD, IT CANT BE, after all its a zombie thread right?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **December 28, 2009, 06:37:58 am**

It isn't dead.
I know this.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **filiusenox** on **December 29, 2009, 08:46:19 pm**

Great story. Don't die.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **DwarfOfDefeat** on **January 02, 2010, 02:13:53 am**

sigmar shall revive this! BUUUUMMMMMMMMMPPPPPP of sigmar!!!!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **January 03, 2010, 04:20:06 am**

See, at least Tacken still has faith in me not completely abandoning you all.

Please address all complaints to Kingston Communications, who think it personally sensible to write and apologise in September for cutting my internet for 3 minutes for 'essential maintenance', then utterly sever my connection over xmas without so much as a by your leave.

I am unfortunately on the wrong side of the country to post any updates at the moment, but don't worry, they will be forthcoming as soon as I a.) have internets, and b.) am in the right county.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Grendus** on **January 03, 2010, 06:27:56 pm**

Ahh, the joys of crappy internets. We had to switch from Comcast after 6 successive repairmen failed to get the high speed cable internet we payed for to go faster than middle grade dial up. I think it was the one who showed up drunk that broke the camels back, though the three in a row who "needed another part" and then reported it was repaired didn't help.

Internet is the only utility that it seems to be acceptable to fail to repair for long periods of time. Gotta love it.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **January 03, 2010, 06:34:01 pm**

The idiot probably wore through one of the jackets and shorted out the ground with one of two connection cables.

At any rate, sweet update!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **DwarfOfDefeat** on **January 11, 2010, 04:54:27 pm**

I thought this funny when mine was taken over mine was just a one time for they all died from a volcano burst. ./ crap happens

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **January 14, 2010, 05:01:14 am**

Labs sat on a filth-covered log, warming his hands over the dying embers of a small fire. Beside him sat a fisherdwarf he didn’t recognise, wrapped in a thick blanket. The two of them were idly passing the time discussing fishing stories, anything to keep away the thoughts of the darkness that enveloped the camp like a shroud.

A bolt of agony drove through his arm causing him to twitch.

“Are you feeling well?” his companion asked, with a concerned note in his voice.

Labs nodded gently, disguising the pain by scratching his arm. “I just took a scratch, nothing to worry about.”

“You should get some rest, we have another long day ahead of us tomorrow.”

“Perhaps you’re right, I am lagging a little.” Labs replied. He moved to rise, and the other dwarf helped him to his feet. As Lab caught the other dwarf’s eyes, he noticed them widen in shock.

The dwarf shuddered almost imperceptibly, and stuttered, “g’night.”

As Lab slumped off towards his sleeping area, the other dwarf sat in silence for a few moments. His eyes, he thought to himself in wonder. Full of fire and pain. He shook his head in wonder, trying to rid himself of the image, and poked at the dying embers with a stick.

Labs lay in the darkness, blanket wrapped tightly around him. The agony of the spreading pain was intense, making sleep impossible for the dwarf. Despite the shroud of night, every bolt of pain burst like a firework in his head, and a buzzing reverberated through his skull like a furious swarm of insects. He tore the blanket from his shoulders and hurled it aside, sweat scattering from his brow. A stream of obscenities spewed forth into the night as he staggered to his feet, and plucked a nearby length of wood from the ground. Leaning heavily upon the wood, he staggered off into the darkness.

Dawn broke over the plains, scattering slivers of sunlight through the sparse vegetation. The dwarves blinked in the morning light, stretching their aching limbs, tending to their bruises, and began to organise their belongings in preparation for departure. In the centre of the encampment, Kubluk was assisting Dirulal in packing away the provisions.

“Think we’re free of pursuit?” Dirulal asked.

Kubluk looked into the morning mist. “I don’t think they ever give up Dirulal. It’s just a matter of how long it takes them to catch up to us. I doubt that’s the last we’ll see of them.”

Dirulal spat into the dust. “We lost some good dwarves yesterday.”

“And we’ll lose plenty more, I’m sure. But I need you to stay focused.”

Dirulal grinned. “With you to the end Kubluk. As my father once told me, from here to distant shores, we’re always dwarves together.”

“Kubluk!” A young dwarf ran over to their fire and took a moment to regain his breath. “Labs has gone missing. Silus said there’s been no sign of a struggle, he’s just, gone!”

“Gone? How can he just be gone?” Kubluk asked, thoroughly confused.

“His gear’s still unpacked from last night. He didn’t take anything with him as far as we know, but we just can’t find him anywhere.”

The group rose from the cooling fire, and ventured over to where a group of soldiers were stood looking extremely confused over the missing dwarf’s possessions.

“Who was the last to see him?” Othtar asked, crouching in the dirt and looking through the open pack.

“I was,” a fisherdwarf remarked. “We were trading stories about carp and he complained about feeling tired. As far as I knew, he went straight to bed. He did strike me as a little odd though.”

“Odd? In what way?” Kubluk asked.

“He was looking very pale. No, more than that, he looked almost, green.”

“Green?”

“Green. And his eyes. His eyes were burning like lava. I could barely look into them.”

Othtar stood slowly, a rag held in his hand. He unravelled it with a puzzled look on his face, which soon turned to a look of anger. “Blood. He must have been bitten in the battle,” he remarked, before shouting the call to arms. As the soldiers began an intense search of the camp, he turned to Kubluk. “We could have the undead down on us in less than an hour unless we move out now. Where there’s one, there’s hundreds.”

“But Labs?”

“Labs is dead.”

Labs staggered up the winding trail, his feet faltering every few steps as intense pain drove through every nerve of his body. Still he drove himself onwards, pushed by sheer determination and self-will. His eyes burned with cold fury, a sheer dwarven rage against the unfairness of his fate. As his feet propelled him forwards he muttered four words, again and again. Even when the pain grew too much, and his muttering was overtaken by gasps of pain, still he continued the mantra within his own head.

“I will not die, I will not die.”

The lone dwarf staggered with devastating slowness to the summit of the ridge. He turned for one last time, and looked back to where the distant smoke of the campsite could be seen far back in the valley. From this distance, he could make out none of the detail of the camp, but could easily imagine the dwarves disassembling the camp for the days journey. Had they even noticed his departure? He pondered this question for a moment before another bolt of agony drove through his body.

With a final sigh to himself, he turned his back to the distant dwarves, crossed the peak and disappeared from sight. For a moment, his words were carried on the breeze, until they as well scattered and faded.

“I will not die, I...”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **January 14, 2010, 05:52:14 am**

oh wow, very nice.

Glad to have you back in the land of the internet-enabled.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **January 14, 2010, 01:38:53 pm**

Awesome post, this is a great story, im definately enjoying it. ;D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Outcast Orange** on **January 14, 2010, 03:43:12 pm**

My current favorite in progress.
What a read!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **addictgamer** on **January 14, 2010, 03:59:51 pm**

Oh poor labs.

I wonder how long it will take until you are down to the starting seven.
How many dwarfs are left alive?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **January 21, 2010, 07:01:30 pm**

Oh man. This must have been updated while I was out of town.

Gotta feel sorry for Labs.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **January 25, 2010, 09:05:47 pm**

Aww, poor me. :(What happened to this thread?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **addictgamer** on **January 25, 2010, 09:09:07 pm**

I'm watching it, waiting hungrily for updates, so I ask the same question.

My guess is his internet is still in the pits.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **BladeBerserker** on **January 27, 2010, 02:30:39 am**

I just read this through, and man am I riveted! I was reading it so intensely I missed the caravan from the mountainhomes :o!
You rock Cirius! ;D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **February 01, 2010, 06:07:59 pm**

IMMA dropping the B-Bomb!!!!



Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **February 02, 2010, 03:24:25 pm**

Looks like the Czar Bomb.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **February 04, 2010, 04:09:39 am**

Rain lashed the moor with an intense fury, reducing the progression of the dwarves to a slow crawl. Due to the slowed pace, the caravan had contracted into itself, with less than a foot between the nose of the mules and the wagon in front. Wrapped tightly within leather cloaks, the dwarves travelled almost in almost silence, save for the occasional barked order from one of the military commanders. Since their hurried departure from camp, the mood of the caravan had been solemn as the wagons clattered their way slowly through the sodden ruts and flooded ditches.

Kubluk was troubled. Occasionally Dirulal would notice him glancing upwards at the threatening clouds looming above them. Finally, he could bear the slience no more.

“You think this is it? The start of the flood?” he asked, following Kubluk’s skyward gaze with a pointing finger.

Kubluk shrugged. “Honestly? I don’t know. Moist promised us more time, and we haven’t even started work on the ship yet.”

“But?”

“But he hardly seemed certain of himself when I did speak to him. I got the impression his timeframe was more of a guess than a god-given prophecy.”

“You doubt the wisdom of the gods?”

“It’s the wisdom of the gods that got us into this mess in the first place.”

Dirulal paused. “Fair enough. Tried asking him?”

Kubluk raised an eyebrow. “Asking him, what do you mean?”

Bringing his hands together under the relative shelter of his hood, Dirulal chuckled. “Prayer can be of great help to those in need.”

Kubluk looked blankly for a moment, then seemed to brighten up. “It’s worth a try, I suppose,” he commented, almost to himself.

“It is?” Dirulal looked puzzled. “I was joking old friend.”

“To be honest, what have we got to lose?”

Dirulal looked around, into the lashing rain, taking in the sad and miserable faces of the dwarves around him, the biting cold, and finally nodded slowly.

Kubluk, feeling slightly foolish, clasped one hand over the golden ship idol hanging from the chain around his neck, and closed his eyes.

"Moist?" He spoke into the darkness.

Only silence responded to his call.

He paused, then repeated himself.

"Moist Vetek the Damp? Will you answer my prayers?"

The silence repeated itself, this time with a little more emphasis.

Kubluk found himself getting angry. He was a dwarf. The gods existed to serve him, not the other way round. He’d be damned if he was just going to sit there talking to himself.

Taking a mental deep breath, he slammed his axe into the ground and shouted into the darkness.

"Moist, where in the mountainhome are you?! I swear to the rest of you, if you don’t bring me to Moist right now, I’ll cut your knees off and feed them to the children!"

A deep voice boomed in the darkness of his skull.

"Who dares intrude upon the sanctity of Nomoddom, the chamber of the gods?"

Kubluk opened his eyes, and was startled to find himself once again amongst the vast towering pillars of the gods’ domain. He looked down and was startled to see a ghostly representation of his own axe embedded deeply in the perfect stone floor.

"I am Kubluk Taniden," he began.

"Prophet Kubluk, the Captain." The voice answered, after several moments. "You may approach the chamber."

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **February 04, 2010, 04:11:21 am**

Once again, apologies for the delay in posting. I swear to god, I'm not a happy broadband bunny at the mo.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **February 04, 2010, 04:29:32 am**

I know the feeling, though most of the time I'm just ~~making it up to compensate for my tendaney to writer's block~~ under siege by bandwidth stealing aliens.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **February 04, 2010, 12:52:39 pm**

Im supposing the post wasnt delayed by a few months, by a sucky provider, but blah.

Awesome post.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **February 04, 2010, 05:16:29 pm**

Quote from: QuakeIV on February 04, 2010, 12:52:39 pm

Im supposing the post wasnt delayed by a few months, by a sucky provider, but blah.

Awesome post.

It was barely half a month. And I'm sure Cirius has a life, so the whole bandwidth problem would just give him less opportunity to post. Be patient.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Typoman** on **February 04, 2010, 06:36:50 pm**

Yay another installment. hope your internet gets fixed soon must suck

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **February 05, 2010, 04:07:30 am**

Kubluk nodded, and strolled forwards, his eyes taking in once again the sheer majesty of the impossible room. Before him stood two stone doors, smooth as marble, stretching upwards seemingly infinitely into the dazzling light above him. Unsure as to how he would ever move such an edifice, he pressed his hands against one of the doors. As if made of feathers, the door swung open at his touch, deathly silent despite its enormous size.

Instantly, a blinding light flooded his vision, forcing him to raise a hand to protect his eyes. He blinked furiously, struggling to adapt his vision to the ethereal glow. Finally, he lowered his hand, and stepped into Nomoddon.

The chamber was vast in size, a wide circular bowl surrounded by a number of seats and tables constructed from the same unearthly material as the epic doors he had just passed through. Around each table sat a number of strange figures, covering a vast plentitude of sizes and shapes, ranging from a small bug-like creature smaller than he was, to a vast bear-headed behemoth that stood thirty feet tall, biting ferociously into a chicken leg of similarly vast size.

Kubluk looked around the chamber, and realised he recognised some of the beings. Oshar, the goddess of fertility fluttered her eyelashes at the strangely mishapen form of Ber Avus the swamp god. Doron, God of Lucky Shots laughed with a group of wolfmen, his strangely angular bow slung idly across his back. Shin, Lord of the Easily Forgotten was patting his pockets with an air of desparation, scratching his head with a furrowed brow. Kubluk couldn't even begin to recognise the thousands of other beasts that congregated in the enormous chamber, but, he supposed, all races had their own religions. All creatures believed in something, he thought, be it a great beard in the sky, or a winged shape falling from the sky with hunger in its eyes. Here they must all come to be.

The gods of Nomoddon were deeply involved in their feasting, and it was several moments before he was noticed.

"You!" A boar staggered over on its hind legs and shoved Kubluk in the chest with a rather drunken wobble. "I don't recognise you. Who are you?"

Kubluk furrowed his eyes. "I am Kubluk. Who are you?"

"You're telling me, (hic) that you don't recoil in fear from the mighty Udar! I am King of the Grove By The Tree. Twenty follow my every whim. Where I order, so they follow."

"Twenty?" Kubluk asked, puzzled.

"My tribe is twenty strong, but soon another litter will be born, and our numbers shall grow."

"Hang on, litter?" Kubluk inquired, even more puzzled.

"I am Lord of the Grazing Herd, the Guiding Hand of the Cattle that Dwell."

Kubluk was beginning to suspect that all this capitalisation was a bit uncalled for. "Let me get this straight. You're the god of a small herd of boar that live under a tree?"

"Well? What of you, tiny Kubluk." The boar-god once again poked Kubluk with a stubby finger. "Tell me of your mighty deeds and accomplishments."

Kubluk paused, but found his mind working surprisingly quickly. He puffed out his chest, and began to speak.

"I am Kubluk, Leader of the Caravan. Where I point, over a dozen wagons, over a hundred dwarves, and thirty mules must go. I lead my dwarves to safety through swamp, plain and canyon. I bow to no slugman or undead. I am Kubluk the Captain!"

The boar looked momentarily puzzled, then staggered off in a different direction, taking another swig from the flagon held in its paws. "Nice t'make your acquaintance Kubluk."

From behind him came the sound of breaking crockery. Kubluk looked down as several pieces of half eaten fruit rolled past his feet. He turned quickly, and found himself looking into the eyes of Moist Vetek the Damp, who stood mouth open, eyes wide in surprise, with an apple in his hand.

"You!" Kubluk cursed.

"You?!" Moist responded with surprise.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **February 05, 2010, 01:58:58 pm**

:D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Retro** on **February 05, 2010, 10:23:16 pm**

Just took the time to read the entire story today. I'd been hoping to get into some of the older forum stories earlier, but the length of the stories can be so daunting sometimes. it was rather worth the dive, of course. I quite enjoy your writing and characterization - and do I detect (more than) a hint of Pratchett influence?

I'm happy to see that this is still being updated at whatever regularity. Despite having not arrived in Spiritwood yet, the read's great.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **February 06, 2010, 03:51:57 am**

Welcome aboard! I'd be lying if I said that Pratchett hadn't had a huge impact on the way I write. Having grown up on a diet of that and Douglas Adams, I do find myself somewhat leaning in a rather particular way. I write purely to amuse myself, so forgive me if I tend to swing from depressing moments of gloom to drunken boar-gods.

I like to think of Kubluk's world as being carried through the universe on the back of an epic lemming. It's cute, unpredictable, and ultimately completely doomed.

Speaking of Spiritwood, we are rapidly approaching the conclusion of part one. The trees aren't that far away now, almost within spitting distance. Still got a couple of things to tie up before we get there though.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **February 06, 2010, 04:31:10 am**

Kubluk strode forward and jabbed the god in the chest, causing him to spit a chunk of half chewed apple from his mouth. "Do you have any idea of the trouble you've caused for us over the past few weeks? The zombies? The liche? And the accursed never-ending mud?"

Moist blinked, momentarily stunned into silence.

Kubluk continued. "We've trekked through several hundred miles of nothing but mud and swamp on nothing more than a badly worded

prophecy of a complete failure of a weather-god.” The dwarf could feel the fury writhing inside him. The past week had seen many dwarves die, and now Kubluk found their god doing nothing more than tucking into lunch. He exploded once again into a screaming collection of curses. Several of the nearby gods were beginning to look round to see what the fuss was all about. “...and do you have any idea how long it takes to clean slugman out of a new pair of boots? To top all of that off. You promised me enough time to build that damned ship, and now it’s raining so hard even the fish are drowning!”

Moist suddenly regained his ability to move, stepped forward and grabbed Kubluk by the arm. “Will you shut up for a minute?” he hissed, dragging him away from the assembling crowd. “Do you have any idea how much danger you’re in?”

The pair moved quickly from the centre of the vast chamber, and found a relatively quiet spot. Moist lowered his voice to a quiet hiss. “Now tell me, how did you get here?”

“I prayed to the gods, asking for an audience.” Kubluk explained. “Then I found myself back here.”

“Back here? You’ve never been here. When I appeared to you, that was just a memory I dropped straight into your head. We’ve never met before now. This is Nomoddon. It’s physically not possible for you to be here.”

“Why not?”

“Because Nomoddon doesn’t exist!” Moist replied cryptically. “It’s a metaphor, an bizarre allegory for something or other, I’ve never bothered to find out precisely what. A poet invented it as couple of hundred years ago.” He paused, thinking of his next statement. “What I’m trying to say is, you can’t just swan into a metaphor acting like you own the place!”

Kubluk furrowed his brow. “But I’m here now,” he stated, somewhat obviously. “And I need your help.”

The weather-god sighed, and appeared to give up. “Yes, you mentioned the rain. How bad is it?” he asked, reaching in a small pack and drawing out what seemed to be a rather complicated looking abacus. Kubluk explained quickly, with a few choice phrases unsuitable for reproduction and Moist nodded, snapping beads backwards and forwards on the abacus with a blurring hand-movement. Finally, he looked up. “A leak,” he explained.

“A leak?”

“It’s an overflow, a release of pressure. We need to shift a certain load now, or the whole system’s going to crash in the next hour or so.”

Kubluk cursed. “Nothing you can do about it?”

“I’m afraid not. It’s either a little bit now, or it all comes down in the next few hours.”

Kubluk scratched at his beard in thought.

“But does it have to be on us?” he asked finally.

“What do you mean?”

“You have to shift the overflow, I understand that, but can’t you dump it somewhere else? There’s a legion of undead following us a days travel to the west. Slowing them down would help.”

Moist paused for a moment, swapped a couple of beads on the abacus then looked up. “Consider it done. Now will you get out of here? If anyone finds out a mortal got in here, there’ll be consequences to pay.”

Kubluk looked around the vast chamber. “But how do I get home? He asked with a puzzled frown.

Moist smiled. “That’s easy. Like I said, you were never here to begin with.”

Dirulal prodded Kubluk in the chest. “Worth a try I suppose. But to be honest, you just look like a fool.”

Kubluk’s eyes snapped open. His hand was still clasped around the ship amulet around his neck, and the wagon was rocking gently from side to side under his seat. The driving rain was still as strong as ever, lashing down with a fury.

“It’s wrong. The rain is wrong,” Kubluk muttered, almost to himself. “It shouldn’t be here, it should be in the west.”

The rain stopped.

It didn’t slow to a gentle patter before fading out, it just stopped dead. One instant there was rain, and the next only a ringing in Dirulal’s ear where the deafening roar caused by billions of raindrops should be. The dwarf looked around, his mouth agape in astonishment, the final drops of water sliding off his hood.

“Well bugger me.”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **February 06, 2010, 09:54:13 am**

Well the Pratchett inspiration is clearly visible but this writing is excellent. I'm sure Terry himself would like to read it.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Retro** on **February 06, 2010, 11:17:38 am**

Quote from: **Labs** on **February 06, 2010, 09:54:13 am**
Well the Pratchett inspiration is clearly visible but this writing is excellent. I'm sure Terry himself would like to read it.

Seconded. Incidentally, Moist was my favourite character from those first few updates, and I'm quite happy to have jumped in just as he made a brief return :D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **February 06, 2010, 12:54:45 pm**

HAH! awesome dude, your a great writer.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **February 17, 2010, 06:14:41 am**

Indeed. And to think you may have thought I'd forgotten you.
Here's my deal. If you get an update out, soon, I promise to get the ball rolling again on mine. Because you are my inspiration.

yeah. Now you feel bad, eh?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **February 17, 2010, 06:16:19 am**

Dude, the guilt trips. SO MANY.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **February 26, 2010, 05:23:28 pm**

the bump bomb goes KA-BUUUMMP

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 01, 2010, 02:34:49 pm**

Holy christ. I'm going to be a daddy.

Let Armok be praised.

Hmm...I wonder if she'll let me call it Urist?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **addictgamer** on **March 01, 2010, 02:57:29 pm**

Congratulations! :D

I am going to assume you are serious. ;)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 01, 2010, 04:43:29 pm**

No, I'm Cirius. Though many make that mistake without seeing it written down.

Yup, deadly serious. It's small and wriggly, and apparently the size of a small pea at the moment. Which is odd. Is nothing smaller than a pea? Why not use a large ant? What kind of pea? These questions, and many others will not be answered by the as yet unborn foetus.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **March 01, 2010, 06:05:32 pm**

I didnt think you were that old...

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **March 01, 2010, 08:30:14 pm**

Congratulations Cirius! ;D Let's hope your son is born healthy and fully bearded.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **March 02, 2010, 02:17:07 am**

Yeah, great.

... UPDATE?

Heh, that was me being purposefully and comedically irresponsible. Congratulations, dude.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 02, 2010, 03:45:18 am**

“Halt the wagons!” Kubluk shouted, raising an arm above his head. The train clattered to a stop after a few moments, with the usual crunch of broken wood. Legon leapt up onto the lead wagon alongside Kubluk.

“What’s the matter?” he asked, hand resting on his scabbard.

Kubluk motioned into the distance. In the centre of the road, something shone with a blinding light. Legon raised a hand, and peered beneath it.

“I can’t quite make it out,” he muttered. “Looks like something reflecting the sun.”

“Aye think that I might be of some `sistance here,” the nearby figure of Servu answered, and began to root around in his pack. After a few moments, he handed up a slender bronze cylinder, about the length of Legon’s arm. The military dwarf looked at it blankly.

“What is it?” he asked, weighing it in his hand uncertainly.

“You look through it.” Servu answered, miming with his hands. “Try it out.”

Legon shrugged, and lifted the cylinder to his eyes. The dwarf looked rather puzzled. After a few moments, Servu reached out, and turned the cylinder the other way round. Suddenly, Legon jerked his head away from the item in shock, gasping in surprise. More cautiously this time, he stared into the eyepiece, and outstretched a hand.

“Those hills,” he mumbled, almost to himself. “It’s like I can almost touch them.”

He turned the cylinder slowly, and looked towards the distant light.

“Strange.” he commented, after a few moments in which Kubluk and Servu shuffled their feet.

“What is it?” Kubluk asked.

“It’s a bronze statue. Why on earth would someone have left a bronze statue in the middle of the roadway?”

“Not only that,” Kubluk added. “Who could leave a bronze statue in the middle of the road without someone walking off with it?”

“It looks ancient, it must have been there centuries.” Legon remarked.

“Either that, or it’s centuries old, and someone’s just put it there.”

“Think we could move it?”

“What?”

“It’s blocking the roadway, we can’t get past with the wagons.”

“Oh, I thought you meant steal it, it looks pretty valuable.”

Legon leapt down off the wagon. “Whether we steal it, or we shift it, either way someone’s going to need to take a closer look.”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **March 02, 2010, 04:03:43 am**

That's pretty awesome. I can think of three or so ways this'll go badly wrong and that's never a bad thing.

EDIT: I WAS TALKING ABOUT THE STORY AND I JUST REALIZED HOW THAT SOUNDS. May your child be a healthy and happy one. Not, y'know, one subject to disaster in the form of statuification.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **March 02, 2010, 04:18:17 am**

'grats Cirius.

And nice story update too!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Haspen** on **March 02, 2010, 05:18:17 am**

A bronze statue in the middle of the road and they're gonna take it?

Oh, it's gonna be fun.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **addictgamer** on **March 02, 2010, 11:44:15 am**

Statues falling out of the sky and plop in the middle of the road?

That is a new one on me.

I don't know if I should ask, but...Do you know how my dwarf is doing?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 02, 2010, 03:29:41 pm**

I haven't forgotten about the other dwarves. The end of part one is rapidly approaching, and once work starts on the great mega-project, there'll be a great influx of new dwarves thrown into the mix.

Some of them may even survive.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **addictgamer** on **March 02, 2010, 04:03:44 pm**

Ok, sounds great.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **March 02, 2010, 04:04:33 pm**

Quote from: Cirius on March 02, 2010, 03:29:41 pm

Some of them may even survive.

:D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **March 02, 2010, 07:43:07 pm**

I've just had a strange premonition that Legon is about to die.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Retro** on **March 02, 2010, 10:31:17 pm**

Congrats Cirius! Jreengus would make a great name, incidentally. And I don't suppose McSomething is out of the question for a middle name...?

Also, hurrah, looks like we've got a climax to the first chapter coming up. If you're introducing new dwarves in Spiritwood, would it be possible if entirely by coincedence there happened to be a dwarf named Retro among the newcomers? Who just might happen to be involved with the mechanical/engineering side of things, should there be a need for that?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 03, 2010, 03:45:17 am**

After a hurried selection process-or a fight as the humans would call it, the winning dwarf, a sprightly young fellow by the name of Ordus strolled towards the distant prize with a rather large grin on his face. He was whistling to himself as he sauntered down the roadway, idly wondering just how much of the salvage reward he would be allowed to keep.

As he approached the conspicuous statue, he made a brief calculation in his head as to the worth of a statue that size made of solid bronze. He whistled faintly under his breath, and his grin grew even wider.

Finally, he stood in front of the statue and looked upwards at its rather foreboding form. Standing over eight feet tall, the statue depicted a large muscular champion of some ancient civilization lost to the depths of time. Its muscular frame glistened in the sunlight, making the statue difficult to stare directly at for any length of time, and the recently stopped rainfall was still evident in the sparkle of raindrops reflecting the light.

The statue stood firmly upright, staring fixedly down the road in the direction of the waiting dwarves.

Ordus reached forward, and tapped the statue gently with his fist. It replied with a resonant tone that echoed from inside. The dwarf frowned momentarily, after realising the statue was at least partially hollow, before grinning again. Hollow or not, the statue was still worth an absolute fortune.

He turned back to the distant dwarves waiting a short distance away down the road, and waved an arm.

“It’s fine,” he shouted. “Now let’s see if we can get it on the back of a wagon.”

From behind him, he heard a loud creak, then everything went black.

The distant dwarves shouted in anger as they saw the statue thrust a fist forward, and the lone figure of Ordus was punched into the ditch, his broken body sprawling lifeless in the mud at the side of the road. The bronze statue withdrew its fist and straightened up, its two glowing red eyes flaring within the darkness of its skull. Once again, it looked towards the caravan, and its eyes glowed with fury.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Haspen** on **March 03, 2010, 05:26:31 am**

Ouch. That must have hurted.

Magical Bronze Statue of A Champion - Dwarves: 1-0

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **March 03, 2010, 06:01:27 am**

holy shit, I actually didn't see bronze colossus as an out come. I have failed.

I sorts guessed a medusa type dealey.

EDT: Also I need to stop posting from my iPod.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **March 03, 2010, 06:57:10 am**

Yeah, I didn't see a bronze colossus coming until like, halfway through that segment... Which is Awesome.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **addictgamer** on **March 03, 2010, 01:24:48 pm**

:o

My guy was planning on stealing that thing off the back of the wagon it would have been put on, and sell to have enough money to build his own private vessel.

jk

Quite a nice twist to the story.

Right now I just recalled the goblin cut-scene a while back.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 03, 2010, 05:54:25 pm**

Yes, I was somewhat confused as to why so many people were taken by surprise by the bronze colossus, considering Nganuz brought the thing to life not too long ago, but there was a little bit of a zombie related sidetrack, and people may have forgotten about it all.

Apologies for the rather brief and somewhat crudely written segment, but I only had about twenty minutes before I had to leave for work this morning.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **addictgamer** on **March 03, 2010, 05:59:10 pm**

Will you be using forces in your story?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **March 03, 2010, 06:02:48 pm**

Quote from: Cirius on March 03, 2010, 05:54:25 pm

Nganuz brought the thing to life not too long ago, but there was a little bit of a zombie related sidetrack, and people may have forgotten about it all.

I did forget too, but I still figured it was a colossus.
That scene would have probably been fresher in my mind if I'd been reading through in one go, instead of having last read that scene months ago...

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 03, 2010, 06:12:18 pm**

Forgive me, I'm somewhat confused by what you mean by forces?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **addictgamer** on **March 03, 2010, 06:18:39 pm**

Look in legends mode.
You'll find forces listed.

They say that it is with forest bla bla bla and associated with bla bla bla.

Here is the only wiki page I could find that has them: http://df.magmawiki.com/index.php/Deity

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 03, 2010, 06:22:44 pm**

Let's just say I have plans for Spiritwood.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **addictgamer** on **March 03, 2010, 06:25:04 pm**

Quote from: Cirius on March 03, 2010, 06:22:44 pm

Let's just say I have plans for Spiritwood.

Quote

Spiritwood

Maybe the forces live there :o

lol, I can't wait to see what happens :D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **rickvoid** on **March 03, 2010, 06:37:47 pm**

Congrats Cirrus! Welcome to the club!!

Still enjoying the story. Love Moist, he is just about the worst god ever. Which makes sense, because Kubluk is the worst prophet ever. They deserve eachother :D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Teach** on **March 03, 2010, 06:54:18 pm**

Oh man suddenly UPDATES EVERYWHERE!

Awesome

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **March 03, 2010, 07:49:28 pm**

I wasnt quite expecting to up and murder a dwarf with its fist, but that was certainly awesome.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 04, 2010, 03:33:22 am**

A brief extract from Tunas Silar’s Art Of Dwarven Warfare:

XII.)When facing odds of ten to one, instruct each dwarf to keep a tally of his victims, so that an accurate total of the dead can be kept.

XIII.)When facing odds of five to one, first fire bolts. When bolts run short, throw rocks. When rocks run short, throw insults, and when insults run dry, throw dwarves.

XIV.)When facing odds of two to one, cut each enemy in half with an axe. Whilst this does double the number of foes, the subsequent opponents are somewhat weaker.

XV.)When odds are equally stacked, a third of the dwarven force may better be employed in preparing the victory feast.

XVI.)When your force outnumberes the enemy by two to one, pair your dwarves off, and explain the benefits of sharing.

XVII.)When your force outnumberes the enemy by five to one, encourage the enemy forces to withdraw, by cutting them in half with an axe.

XVIII.)When your force outnumberes the enemy by ten to one, you have clearly miscounted.

Bizarrely, Tunas Silar is strangely devoid of advice as to how a hundred enragd dwarves can simultaneously attack an individual bronze colossus.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **March 04, 2010, 03:42:37 am**

Oh, no, it's in a footnote:

When engaging an enemy that is a tremendous threat on its own, use more than one dwarf, depending on the circumstances.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Grendus** on **March 04, 2010, 12:46:45 pm**

Just gonna say, saw the bronze collosus coming as soon as the statue was there. Even forgot that the demon animated it, I'm just always suspicious of random good fortune in Dwarf Fortress. Good stuff is just a trojan horse for funtm.

Grats on the kid Cirus.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Chaoseed** on **March 04, 2010, 01:10:38 pm**

Sheesh, you guys all forgot about the demon-animated statue? :P

Well, I guess it's easier to recall if you read the entire thread in the space of a few days. ;)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 05, 2010, 03:24:02 am**

Oh, almost forgot:

These are a collection of adamantine posts. All craftsdwarfship is of the highest quality. They are studded with epic and encircled with bands of win.

On the image are the words,

Quote from: Haspen on October 05, 2009, 04:27:50 am

I'm so loving this story *grabs popcorn*

Quote from: Labs on November 18, 2009, 10:34:44 pm

Oh nice. I just get back from 2 weeks of Australia and Terry Pratchett only to find out I'm a zombie in this story. I'm still loving it though. ;D I say you lop off his arm. :P

Quote from: LegoLord on March 02, 2010, 07:43:07 pm

I've just had a strange premonition that Legon is about to die.

Happy 300th post Legolord!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**

Post by: **Sindain** on **March 06, 2010, 10:15:58 pm**

Just finished reading this.. all i can say is great story keep up the work cirius :D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**

Post by: **QuakeIV** on **March 07, 2010, 10:56:09 pm**

Keep it up dude! ;D

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**

Post by: **skaltum** on **March 08, 2010, 01:04:11 am**

yay my bump worked afterall. i saw that colossus instantly :P. a bronze statue is never "just" a bronze statue. and congrats, your gonna be a daddy :)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**

Post by: **Cirius** on **March 17, 2010, 03:41:24 am**

The fire demon guiding the bronze colossus was somewhat perplexed. For over a thousand years it had slumbered within its ceramic prison before Nganuz had seen fit to release it. Expecting freedom, it instead found itself thrust into a new prison of bronze. At least now it was able to move, it thought to itself, swinging the heavy bronze sword through a huge arc. Even so, the demon was merrily expecting to unleash a plague of pain, suffering and death on everything it encountered. What was most unfair however, was that the dwarves did not seem overly willing to co-operate. Even now, as the statue swung ferociously at the pack of angry dwarves with its antique blade, others clambered over its very body, and one was even now making a fairly spirited attempt to lever off its head with a hastily grabbed pick axe. No, this was not how it was supposed to work.

On the top of the ridge, Teach stood alongside Kubluk, muttering to himself about the unfairness of life. As the battle cry broke out, Commander Othtar had pulled him aside and pointed out that his method of unsighted warfare, whilst devastatingly efficient whilst outnumbered, was of rather limited effectiveness when facing only one enemy, especially one already covered in a layer of dwarves. So there he stood, idly drawing shapes in the dirt with his toe, as the battle wore on.

As much trouble as the colossus was facing, that isn’t to say there weren’t casualties on the dwarven side. In addition to unlucky Ordus, another five dwarves lay still in the road, and several more sat cursing their misfortune and missing limbs. As slow and ponderous as the statue was the sheer number of dwarves angrily swarming around it meant that someone was inevitably going to take a hit, either from the massive bronze sword of the statue itself, or a badly timed swing of a dwarven axe.

Othtar stood back from the main assault, and watched closely. His practised eye absorbed the flow of the combat, and he noted the damage that the many strikes on the statue were causing, mainly none at all. For every ten useless strikes of a dwarven axe, the colossus was strike a lucky blow that would hurl an unlucky dwarf from the fight. His brow furrowed as he slowly realised that they were in danger of losing the battle.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**

Post by: **Haspen** on **March 17, 2010, 06:30:11 am**

Dwarves - Collossus, still 0:10.

But they're dwarves! They will surely prevail. Also: yay update!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**

Post by: **addictgamer** on **March 17, 2010, 10:16:01 am**

Haha, the confusion of battle is too much for a bronze statue.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**

Post by: **Cirius** on **March 24, 2010, 04:42:26 am**

Driven by the needs and rather high mortality rate of dwarven society, over a thousand years of evolution have left the height deficient race with a rather single minded approach to combat. Whilst the human and elven cultures treat warfare as a separate and rather unpleasant part of life, the dwarves long ago accepted that in essence, the dismantling of another individual is most efficient when viewed as just another engineering problem. A dwarf facing an enemy will look first for structural weaknesses, and after a brief assessment will decide where the most efficient use of force should be applied for a controlled demolition.

This is the theory. In practise, this assessment happens in the blink of an eye, and to any impartial observer the dwarf in question will merely swear loudly at the top of his lungs before hacking away at his opponent with the nearest object, sharp or otherwise.

Othtar’s mind was working overtime as he watched the metallic creature move. It wasn’t fast, but its arms moved with a seemingly unstoppable grace that merely brushed aside any dwarf unlucky enough to be in the way when it swung. The dwarven commander’s eyes swiftly darted between the general weak points of a humanoid. The kness, the elbows, the neck. All were marked with a number of scratches where the dwarves had been lucky enough to get in a couple of cheap swings, but there was no sign of significant damage.

Turning from the combat, he sprinted back to Kubluk who stood nervously alongside Teach and Servu.

“Any ideas?” he asked the academically minded Servu, after catching his breath.

The dwarf rapidly began making notes on a scroll that had miraculously appeared about his person.

“So,” he muttered, seemingly to himself. “We’ve already gather’d that the metal man’s hollow.”

Othtar listened, as the distant clang of a dwarven axe collaborated the statement, and nodded.

“But there’s no joints or moving parts to indicate any kind’ve mechanism?” Servu continued.

The small collection of dwarves nodded again.

The dwarf looked up after a few moments. “It seems we’re looking here at some kind of demonic possession, and from the container of bronze, I’d lean towards fire.”

Kubluk looked down at the combat, which unsettlingly seemed to be moving in the direction of the combat. “A fire demon?” he asked.

Othtar growled under his breath. “This stinks of Nganuz.”

Servu nodded. “I’ve ne’er read of another with the power to harness a fire demon.”

“Does this help us?” Othtar asked, as Kubluk ducked to avoid a dwarf hurtling past at around head height.

Servu made another couple of notes, and looked up with a smile on his face. “Pressure. Heat, plus an enclosed space, that metal man’s like a fire cracker, if we c’n only find a way to crack him open.”

Kubluk’s memory prodded him gently, attempting to attract his attention. The dwarf stood in thought, before a smile slowly spread over his face.

“Plump helmet,” he stated.

Othtar grinned. “Plump helmet.”

Servu nodded. “Aye, plump helmet.”

The commander reached into a nearby barrel and scooped out a small ceramic stein. He flicked open the lid and took a hearty swig from the container, letting out a mighty belch that surrounded him in a fine alcoholic haze.

“One for me,” he muttered, before breaking into a swift jog towards the closing golem. As he ran, he deliberately poured a small measure of the liquid onto the ground. “One for my ancestors.” His pace grew faster, and the ground blurred past his feet. Taking another brief swig from the jar, he spat a fine spray into the air. “One for the gods!” he yelled over the clamour of combat. Hurling himself into the throng, he danced up the pile of struggling dwarves like a staircase, and leapt up onto the shoulders of the statue. “And one for you, Nganuz!” he roared, smashing the container against the creatures eye socket.

The stench of alcohol filled the air, as a pint of triple distilled and highly unstable plump helmet brew flowed into the interior of the creature. Instantly, the colossus became motionless. Othtar dropped from its back, and broke into a run.

“Everybody might want to get back!” he roared.

As one, the force scattered for cover, diving behind rocks, shrubs, and apparently less important dwarves.

The bronze colossus shuddered. From within, the sound of bubbling and frothing could distinctly be heard. The creature groaned, not with distress, but with the sound of tortured metal as the bronze struggled to cope with the rapidly expanding pressure.

Servu glanced down at a couple of numbers on his scroll. “You might want to duck,” he commented to Kubluk, who hunkered down and pulled a nearby helmet over his head.

An instant later, the statue exploded. The sound of its detonation filled the valley with blinding light and a deafening roar. Shrapnel radiated outwards with deadly force, knifing into trees, the ground, and the occasional unlucky dwarf. Kubluk gulped as a particularly deadly looking shard flew past his head and embedded itself in the side of the wagon behind him.

The dwarves broke into a ragged cheer, shouting the name of their champion.

“Othtar! Othtar! Othtar!”

After a moment, the chant began to take on a more questioning tone.

“Othtar. Othtar? Othtar?!”

Kubluk scanned the valley floor. Of the commander, there was absolutely no sign, just scattered pieces of cloth and armour. The dwarf hung his head, and swore under his breath.

“I guess there’s nothing to do but mount up and move on,” he sighed.

“Before you do that,” the distant sound of Othtar boomed. “Would you mind getting me down from this tree?”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Haspen** on **March 24, 2010, 05:13:10 am**

Plump helmet!

First Nist Akath, now Spiritwood...

Haspen was overjoyed to see so much story updates lately.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **March 24, 2010, 05:54:30 am**

Wow!

Took me a couple of attempts to read the first line, kept reading it as "the dwarven society have left the height deficient race with a rather single minded approach to combat" instead of "Over a thousand years over evolution, [...] have left the height deficient race with a rather single minded approach to combat".
But the rest of it is amazing!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **March 24, 2010, 04:08:54 pm**

"Get me out of this tree" certainly had me laughing.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 24, 2010, 04:38:58 pm**

No, you're right, that first line is a little twisted. I've shuffled it around a little to make it a little more understandable. Guess I was in a bit of a rush when I knocked out that chunk this morning.

Well. I'm off to button moon. Someone's got to follow that damned Mr Spoon.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **March 24, 2010, 04:43:34 pm**

Yeah, it's easier to read that sentence now.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Mangled** on **March 24, 2010, 10:58:26 pm**

Riveting tale you got here Cirius, I keep expecting to find one of your characters to **TALK LIKE THIS**.

Congrats on the mini Cirius by the by.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 25, 2010, 03:31:31 am**

The Death of the Spiritwood realm was once a similar figure to standard folklore. Tall, hooded, a little on the thin side. However, since he tended to spend pretty much the vast majority of his time hanging around the dwarves, he quickly lost his height, put on a rather portly belly, and developed a rather fetching beard.

He can now generally be found running the butchers store deep within the mountain-home. He does still talk a bit LIKE THIS, but only when people aren't listening.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **March 25, 2010, 04:04:08 am**

The vast majority of the rest of the morning was spent patching various wounds, shifting the dead out of the road, and plucking shards of broken bronze out of both the wagons and dwarf alike. After a brief consultation with Servu, Commander Othtar had been rescued from his tree-top perch by the judicious application of several well thrown rocks, and was now back on patrol with a spring in his step and a rather fetching bandage wrapped around his head.

After various false starts, which revealed some of the wagons to not be as well maintained as previously thought, the dwarven wagon train had lumbered back to speed. Despite the scars of the journey, the odd missing wheel, and the occasional missing limb, the dwarves were in rather high spirits.

“Anananan, tha’s wha’ I sees.” Kubluk eloquently explained to Dirulal, who was pressing for details on the leader’s encounter with the gods.

His companion briefly considered the deep philosophical implications of the reality of Nomoddon, home of the gods. If reality really was as flexible as it seemed, if ideas could become truth by deep enough introspection, then what considerations did that hold for his very existence?

“Hic,” he explained.

Kubluk continued. “Big as a, big as a really big dog. A really big dog. No, not a dog. I mean the oth’r thing.”

“A bear?”

“Yus, a big hairy bear. Jus’ drinking wit’ the rest of them. As ordin..en..a hairy bear.”

Dirulal considered the image of a bear drinking alcohol. He then considered the image of himself drinking alcohol. He drank some more alcohol.

The wagons clattered along the roadway, shedding a fine wake of discarded provisions, broken bottles, and the odd drunken dwarf who found the moving surface of the wagons a little too much to cope with. As the horizon bobbed up and down in the distance, Kubluk noticed a rather menacing shape slowly forming in the distance ahead of them.

“Othtar!” he shouted, after a couple of failed attempts at the commander’s name. Within moments, the burly dwarf had leapt aboard the wagon, and was scanning the horizon with Servu’s magnifying tube.

“Was’it?” Kubluk asked. “Sisisit dragons? We can kill dragn’s.” He stood up, rather wobbly in the wagon and raised his fist. “Come on drangs! Come get some dwarf!”

Othtar chuckled. “No, it’s not dragons Kubluk.”

“Is not dragn’s? Must be hydra! All t’ more heads to smash!”

“No, I don’t believe it’s hydra either.”

Dirulal chipped in from his perch atop a barrel. “S'it a big hairy bear?” he asked, before toppling backwards into the wagon’s load.

“No. I don’t believe it is.” Othtar snapped shut the tube, and shouted for the wagons to come to a halt. He paused, and allowed the clattering to subside.

“That shape on the horizon, my friends, is trees. Dwarves, we’ve reached the Spiritwood.”

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Sindain** on **March 25, 2010, 05:15:26 am**

Embarkin soon?

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **March 25, 2010, 12:08:14 pm**

Well, I've just read through the entire story again. It's just as awesome this time :)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **March 25, 2010, 12:26:25 pm**

DIE TREES!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Retro** on **March 25, 2010, 01:18:14 pm**

Quote from: Sindain on March 25, 2010, 05:15:26 am

Embarkin soon?

Yeah, 23 pages in seems as good a time as any :P

Hurrah for Cirius! And a climactic boss fight! And Spiritwood in general!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **March 26, 2010, 12:30:50 pm**

I dont think this will be as good a story as a fort, it should just continue to be written, separate from the game.

I mean seriously, 75% of the awesome in this is technically impossible in the present version of dwarf fortress.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **LegoLord** on **March 26, 2010, 02:24:10 pm**

Quote from: QuakeIV on March 26, 2010, 12:30:50 pm

I dont think this will be as good a story as a fort, it should just continue to be written, separate from the game.

I mean seriously, 75% of the awesome in this is technically impossible in the present version of dwarf fortress.

Seeing as how a normal embark would take quite some time to build up a wooden ship, I was under the assumption that was already how it was planned. Once I realized it was being written, anyway, which didn't take long.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **rickvoid** on **March 26, 2010, 05:33:30 pm**

Cirius cannot be Terry Pratchet. And yet he is.

Impossibility Matrix to 10,000%!! Hold on, we're gonna hit some turbulence!!

More seriously, great update. Well done.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Mangled** on **March 26, 2010, 10:36:31 pm**

Quote from: LegoLord on March 26, 2010, 02:24:10 pm

Quote from: QuakeIV on March 26, 2010, 12:30:50 pm

I dont think this will be as good a story as a fort, it should just continue to be written, separate from the game.

I mean seriously, 75% of the awesome in this is technically impossible in the present version of dwarf fortress.

Seeing as how a normal embark would take quite some time to build up a wooden ship, I was under the assumption that was already how it was planned. Once I realized it was being written, anyway, which didn't take long.

Yeah I'm thinking it would take a bit more than a few weeks dwarftime to build this boat in fort mode.
Then again, with dwarves the more they're told something is impossible the more likely they are to do it.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **March 30, 2010, 08:10:22 am**

Waiiiit a secn'd.

Death is a butcher?

...

Hem... Heheheh.

Hahaha! BWAHAHAHA!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE IT COULD BE INTERESTING

On another note: Miscellaneous words of praise t'ya cirius.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **April 02, 2010, 04:25:11 am**

The next update has been delayed slightly. I want to finish book one of Spiritwood in the next post, so have another couple of pages to knock out before I'll be posting up on here. Shouldn't be more than a day or so.

And no, I am not playing the new release instead of writing. I'm at work.

Ok. So I may have played it a bit this morning.

Just a little.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Thief^** on **April 02, 2010, 04:29:14 am**

Don't worry, I think most of your readership is probably playing the new df too :P

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **CrossBolt** on **April 11, 2010, 04:17:12 pm**

I think this is a necro but I can't wait for more updates! we need to keep this thread going!

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 11, 2010, 11:54:59 pm**

Good to see this thread again.
Don't think necroing it's gonna be an issue, if anything it'll just encourage Cirius and that's always nice.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **April 19, 2010, 11:09:52 am**

wheres ma update? :(please :-*

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **CrossBolt** on **April 28, 2010, 10:59:28 am**

Neeecrrooooo buuummmp

This is an awesome story and I would hate to see it go down in a blaze of inactiveness

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **April 28, 2010, 03:50:33 pm**

Ahh, blessed are the bumps in their multitude and supportivity.

And no, that isn't a word.

Apologies for my absence from the forums.

I have some bad news I'm afraid. Unfortunately the baby mentioned a few pages ago was lost to us, and I've been a little more concerned with providing support for my wife than working on Spiritwood. Things are pretty much back to normal now, but we're both still somewhat knocked for six.

I'll see what I can do over the next couple of days about getting the next post out. I thank you all for your patience and continued support for this tale.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Haspen** on **April 28, 2010, 04:03:22 pm**

Quote from: Cirius on April 28, 2010, 03:50:33 pm

Ahh, blessed are the bumps in their multitude and supportivity.

And no, that isn't a word.

Apologies for my absence from the forums.

I have some bad news I'm afraid. Unfortunately the baby mentioned a few pages ago was lost to us, and I've been a little more concerned with providing support for my wife than working on Spiritwood. Things are pretty much back to normal now, but we're both still somewhat knocked for six.

I'll see what I can do over the next couple of days about getting the next post out. I thank you all for your patience and continued support for this tale.

Oh my god.

hugs

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **April 28, 2010, 04:04:19 pm**

I am so sorry Cirus. So, so sorry.

Don't come back to this if you don't want to or if it's too much.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Dermonster** on **April 28, 2010, 04:37:17 pm**

Urist McAsshole: YE BIG ELVEN PANSY! ME AND MY WIFE LOST A BABY AND WERE STILL ESTATIC! IF IT BOTHERS YE THAT MUCH GO DUNK YER HEAD IN THE WATERFALL!

Urist McHuman: Uh... he's a Human, not a Dwarf, Urist.

Urist McApologetic: Eh? Human? ... Imma sorry for yer loss, big guy. Go grab a barrel o' sunshine, I'm payin.

In other news, There is none. Hope you feel better buddy. :(

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Paulus Fahlstrom** on **April 28, 2010, 04:54:09 pm**

My sincerest condolences Cirius. I've have friends lose kids and I have two kids of my own and can well imagine. Hope you guys pull through this ok.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **May 07, 2010, 02:34:30 am**

Considering the rather inebriated state of the vast majority of the dwarves, the decision was made to stay clear, at least temporarily, of the perimeter of the elven forest. Many were disappointed, but after Tacken drunkenly navigated the lead wagon off the road into a tree, they began to acknowledge the wisdom of the move.

So the dwarves bedded down once again in a small clearing for their final night on the road, each and every one of them wondering at the dangers the following weeks would bring.

As night shrouded the camp, Legon sat in the darkness on watch, his short sword resting on his lap, and eyes scanning the distant wood for any sign of movement. Shadows seemed to flit from tree to tree, dark shapes of indistinct shape and size moving within the rustling leaves and branches, and the soldier was not entirely convinced they were just tricks of the light. He listened intently, and absorbed the various night-sounds of the encampment.

From behind him, he could distinctly hear the rhythmic scraping of Othtar sharpening his sword against a rough stone. For the many years he had known the commander, Legon was at a loss to remember a single time that he'd ever caught Othtar asleep. Rumour and legend amongst the ranks held that the dwarf was immortal, and had no need for rest. Legon doubted its veracity, but whenever the commander was required, he always seemed wide awake, regardless of the hour.

To his right, in a distant corner of the camp, he could dimly make out the sound of scribbling. By the dull glow of a candle, he could make out the faintly illuminated face of Servu, who was furiously making notes and performing calculations on his miniature abacus. Legon had a quiet respect for the dwarf. A mind of numbers and words, not weapons, but all the more dangerous for it. It was his calculations that had allowed Teach to kill the liche Bonegrave, and it was his calculations that would allow the construction of the biggest and most important mega-project the dwarven race had ever undertaken, the very ark that would carry their race into the future.

Tacken the herdsdwarf was a short distance away, nursing his bruised head with a damp cloth. Legon shook his head with amusement as the injured dwarf reached for yet another drink.

As for Kubluk? The distant and rather loud snores of the inebriated dwarf could be heard throughout the camp, even while several others could be heard muttering about the racket. But still, Legon thought, let the dwarf sleep. With the burden of the gods on his shoulders, he deserved a couple of hours rest.

Hours later, dawn broke over the Spiritwood to reveal a lone wagon break away from the caravan and proceed slowly towards the looming trees. Aboard the shabby looking cart, the well rested figures of Kubluk, Dirulal, Legon and a rather hung over and tired Tacken peered into the surrounding trees with great apprehension.

As the wagon slowly pushed its way into the edge of the forest, the leafy canopy seemed to whisper at their passing. Legends among the dwarves told that the souls of the elven dead would always find their way to this forest sanctuary, where they would live out the rest of their existence within the trees of the Spiritwood. Whether true or not, the rustling of the leaves added a rather sinister ambience to their slow advance.

Kubluk shivered slightly, as if attuned to the trembling branches above him. His eyes darted from left to right, every shadow seemed to conceal hidden dangers, every dark spot a possible trap. Tacken pulled his cloak tightly around himself, seeking warmth from the cold morning air. With the creaking motion of the wagon, they rode onwards in silence. The only other sounds came from the canopy above them, which swayed continually in the gentle breeze.

Above them, startled by their passing, a large bird erupted from the trees in a cacophony of wings, causing the dwarves to crouch even lower in their perches.

Finally, after some minutes, Dirulal spat into the dirt beside the wagon. “Bugger this for a lark, I’m not sitting here in silence till the elves turn up.” He coughed, and began to sing in a low and doleful tone.

“Here we stand, mighty dwarves.
Digging in and making home.
Where we choose to strike the earth
We choose to call our own...”

One after another, the other nervous dwarves began to join in, their voices quiet to begin with, but as their confidence grew, they soon found themselves bellowing at the tops of their voices. From nowhere, Tacken had found himself another drink, which he used to conduct the others in song.

“...Strike the earth!
Dig a hole!
Find a gem,
Find a coal!...”

Fearful glances soon transformed into infectious grins, as the booming voices of the dwarves penetrated the shadows of the forest.

“...Mighty dwarves of old,
Ne’er been so bold,
Sheltered from the cold,
Making stuff to be sold!”

Suddenly, a loud snap shattered the shadowy silence. Instantly, the dwarves were silent, save for a slight silken sound as numerous weapons were drawn from their sheathes.

“What in the various gods names was that?” Dirulal muttered, clasping at his belt for a crude steel dagger.

“Show yourselves,” Kubluk shouted into the shadows. “We’re not afraid of you,” he added, wishing it were true.

With an amusing sense of timing, the brush moved aside to admit a small furry woodland creature. Its nose tested the air around it for the scent of danger. Finding none, it scurried onwards, clambering up the side of the wagon as if it were nothing more than a continuation of the forest. Suddenly it paused, inches from Dirulal, puzzled by the strange smell of the dwarf.

“What’s that?” Dirulal asked, peering down his nose at the new arrival.

“Lunch.” Kubluk replied, after a moments contemplation.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **May 07, 2010, 03:47:16 pm**

Wow, this thread is so awesome.

I speak with literally no sarcasm when i say that im impressed that nobody posts here for months on end, yet another well written and awesome update faithfully comes along every now and again, regardless.

Sweet.

By the way, nice update.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Typoman** on **May 08, 2010, 04:37:56 am**

Another great update, keep it up :)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Labs** on **May 13, 2010, 07:22:06 pm**

Nice update. Sorry for your loss Cirius. Didn't see the post till just now. :(

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **CrossBolt** on **May 15, 2010, 02:54:21 am**

yay! my nevro wasn't in vain *wink wink* ::)

anyway nice story so far

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Jim Groovester** on **May 18, 2010, 03:38:02 am**

I've finished reading this. An excellent tale so far. I'd like to see more, but with my dwarf in it.

Name: Jima
Gender: Female (Not enough female characters in this thing)
Profession: Woodlands Expert (Plant Gathering, Plant Processing)
Description: Unusually thin and tall for a dwarf, this young dwarf's beard has yet to fully grow. She possesses a remarkable knowledge about forest life, almost as if she has spent a lifetime living in it. However, there's something... not quite right about her. She's not nearly as clumsy as a dwarf and not constantly drunk like them, and she flinches every time she sees a tree felled. And nobody can remember seeing her before the group arrived at Spiritwood.... (Hint: She is an elven spy)

Of course, put her into the story as you see fit, and feel free to change any details you want.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Cirius** on **May 18, 2010, 10:14:32 am**

You make a very good point about the lack of female characters. It wasn't planned, and I'll probably be fixing that once I start going back to edit book one. I am however bringing in many new characters for the second book of Spiritwood, which we're about to gallop headlong into, so you've probably picked the best possible time to be asking for inclusion. Might have to do a little tuning with the character bio, but there's sure to be room for her.

Cirius is feeling tired. He has recently driven a great distance in a rather uncomfortable car. He has seen a rather comfortable sofa lately. He is pondering downloading Dwarf Fortress to his father-in-laws laptop...

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **QuakeIV** on **October 31, 2010, 07:54:25 pm**

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Haspen** on **October 31, 2010, 08:00:16 pm**

I find this unsettling that Cirius wasn't active for a month already.

Propably life issues, poor dude.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **JacenHanLovesLegos** on **December 08, 2010, 06:34:55 pm**

Bumpity bump.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **December 09, 2010, 10:45:17 am**

Or he's deceased. That would suck.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **December 11, 2010, 06:01:42 pm**

Quote from: Tack on December 09, 2010, 10:45:17 am
Or he's deceased. That would suck.

nah, he won't be dead, his spirit would haunt the forum's otherwise

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **December 12, 2010, 08:01:43 am**

That would be my perfect heaven. To haunt the web for eternity.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **filiusenox** on **December 16, 2010, 11:37:02 pm**

It would definatly be entertaining.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **skaltum** on **January 04, 2011, 05:42:50 pm**

ka bump :)

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Lagg** on **October 17, 2012, 04:15:41 am**

Well, it seems Cirius has been active lately. About a week ago. I hate to bump but I read this whole thing a year or so ago and just rediscovered it. This is a mighty fine read and I'd like to see it continued, and I'm sure I'm not the only one. Please come back to us Cirius.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **February 16, 2014, 10:24:39 pm**

Dorf please

Thanatos

Male

Warrior/whaler

Wears all black clothes including cloak and hood which allows you to only see mouth. Has two sheathes crossed on back which holds scimitar's(curved swords) . Also had circular sheathes which hold harpoons and javelins.

Is usually very calm and let's out pent up emotions while attacking enemies. Is very analytical when observing enemy. War cry is "for the socks". Is second in command of courageous bolts but was doing scouting of forest. Is former adventurer. Has a distinct hatred of elves and goblins if loses hood or other clothing you will see a lot of scars as teenager was captured defending home. Was tortured by captured elves and goblins for a year before escape. So he does not know real name only made up name. Does not drink because it makes him loose focus. Is very good at hiding in trees and jumping branch to branch. Also sleeps in trees. Which he does do very often. He always has these weird things called cigarettes in his mouth and lights on fire with a lighter. Has had accidents involving lighter and beard some in trees. Is very tense and is always wAtching for enemy . Prefers darkness. When at center of forest will meet up with caravan.

Title: **Re: The Captain's Log- Spiritwood**
Post by: **Tack** on **February 17, 2014, 02:57:18 am**

... Two years since the last update...

Please be less clueless when you necro.